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## LITERATURE.

*Tess of the D'Urbervilles.* A Pure Woman, faithfully presented. By Thomas Hardy. In 3 vols. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

IN this, his greatest work, Mr. Hardy has produced a tragic masterpiece which is not flawless, any more than *Lear* or *Macbeth* is; and the easiest way of writing about it would be to concentrate one's attention upon certain blemishes of style, read the author a lecture upon their enormity, affect to be very much shocked and upset by some of his conclusions in morals, and conveniently shirk such minor critical duties as the attempt to abnegate one's prejudices, inherited or acquired; to estimate in what degree the author's undoubtedly impassioned ethical vision is steady and clear; and, while eschewing equally a dogmatic judicialism and a weak surrender of the right of private censorship, to survey the thing created, in some measure, by the light of its creator's eyes. What is called critical coolness seems, no doubt, on a cursory view, an excellent qualification in a judge of literature; but true criticism, when it approaches the work of the masters, can never be quite cool. To be cool before the *Lear* or the *Macbeth* were simply not to feel what is there; and it is the critic's business to feel, just as much as to see. In so tremendous a presence, the criticism which can be cool is no criticism at all. The critical, hardly less than the creative mind, must possess the faculty of being rapt and transported, or its function declines into mere connoisseurship, the pedant's office of mechanical appraisal.

One may, however, feel the greatness of Mr. Hardy's work profoundly, and yet be conscious of certain alloying qualities; but let it be said at once, such qualities are of the surface only. None the less, with respect to the over-academic phraseology which here and there crops up in this book, I myself have but one feeling—a wish that it were absent. This terminology of the schools is misplaced; I can feel nothing but regret for these nodosities upon the golden thread of an otherwise fine diction. In a certain sense they disturb a reader all the more for the very reason that they are not—like Mr. Meredith's singularities of speech, for example—ingrained in the very constitution of the style and, obviously, native to the author, nor are they so frequent as to become a habit, a characteristic mannerism which one might get used to; rather they are exceptional and excrement—foreign to the total character of Mr. Hardy's English—and serve no purpose but to impair the homogeneity of his utterance. The perfect

style for a novelist is surely one which never calls attention to its own existence, and there was needed only the omission or modification of a score or two of sentences in these volumes to have assimilated the style of *Tess* to such an ideal. Nothing but gain could have resulted from the elimination of such phrases as "his former pulsating flexuous domesticity." Possibly Mr. Hardy intends some self-reference of a defensive sort when he observes that

"advanced ideas are really in great part but the latest fashion in definition—a more accurate expression, by words in *logy* and *ism*, of sensations which men and women have vaguely grasped for centuries;"

touching which, one is impelled to ask—Are the words in *logy* and *ism* necessarily more accurate instruments of thought than simpler phrases? Recalling the other memorable case in which a great novelist finally allowed her passion for elaborate precision of statement to metallicise an originally pliant style, one doubts if there was any truer psychological accuracy in the delineation of Deronda than in that of Silas Marner. Mr. Herbert Spencer's diction is no doubt very accurate, but probably not more so than Lord Tennyson's.

Fortunately, however, *Tess* is a work so great that it could almost afford to have even proportionately great faults; and the faults upon which I have dwelt—perhaps unduly—are casual and small. Powerful and strange in design, splendid and terrible in execution, this story brands itself upon the mind as with the touch of incandescent iron. To speak of its gloom as absolutely unrelieved is scarcely correct. Dairyman Crick provides some genuine mirth, though not in too abundant measure; and "Sir John," with his "skellingtons," is a figure at once humorous and pathetic. But with these exceptions, the atmosphere from first to last is, indeed, tenebrous; and after the initial stroke of doom, *Tess* appears to us like *Thea*, in Keats's poem:

"There was a listening fear in her regard,  
As if calamity had but begun;  
As if the vanward clouds of evil days  
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear  
Was with its storied thunder labouring up."

The great theme of the book is the incessant penalty paid by the innocent for the wicked, the unsuspecting for the crafty, the child for its fathers; and again and again this spectacle, in its wide diffusion, provokes the novelist to a scarcely suppressed declaration of rebellion against a supramundane ordinance that can decree, or permit, the triumph of such wrong. The book may almost be said to resolve itself into a direct arraignment of the morality of this system of vicarious pain—a morality which, as he bitterly expresses it, "may be good enough for divinities," but is "scorned by average human nature." Almost at the outset, this note of insurrection against an apparently inequitable scheme of things is struck, if less audaciously, upon our introduction to the Durbeyfield household.

"All these young souls were passengers in the Durbeyfield ship, entirely dependent on the judgment of the two Durbeyfield adults for their pleasures, their necessities, their health,

even their existence. If the heads of the Durbeyfield household chose to sail into difficulty, disaster, starvation, disease, degradation, death, thither were these half-dozen little captives under hatches compelled to sail with them—six helpless creatures, who had never been asked if they wished for life on any terms, much less if they wished for it on such hard conditions as were involved in being of the shiftless house of Durbeyfield."

In one way and another, this implicit protest against what he cannot but conceive to be the maladministration of the laws of existence, this expostulation with "whatever gods there be" upon the ethics of their rule, is the burden of the whole strain. And a joyless strain it is, whose theme is the havoc wrought by "those creeds which futilely attempt to check what wisdom would be content to regulate;" the warfare of "two ardent hearts against one poor little conscience," wherein the conscience at last is calamitously victorious, the hearts rent and ruined; and, over all, like an enveloping cloud, "the dust and ashes of things, the cruelty of lust, and the fragility of love." Truly a stupendous argument; and in virtue of the almost intolerable power with which this argument is wrought out, *Tess* must take its place among the great tragedies, to have read which is to have permanently enlarged the boundaries of one's intellectual and emotional experience.

Perhaps the most subtly drawn, as it is in some ways the most perplexing and difficult character, is that of Angel Clare, with his half-ethereal passion for *Tess*—"an emotion which could jealously guard the loved one against his very self." But one of the problems of the book, for the reader, is involved in the question how far Mr. Hardy's own moral sympathies go with Clare in the supreme crisis of his and *Tess*'s fate. Her seducer, the spurious D'Urberville, is entirely detestable, but it often happens that one's fiercest indignation demands a nobler object than such a sorry animal, as that; and there are probably many readers who, after *Tess*'s marriage with Clare, her spontaneous disclosure to him of her soiled though guiltless past, and his consequent alienation and cruelty, will be conscious of a worse anger against this intellectual, virtuous, and unfortunate man than they could spare for the heartless and worthless libertine who had wrecked these two lives. It is at this very point, however, that the masterliness of the conception, and its imaginative validity, are most conclusively manifest, for it is here that we perceive Clare's nature to be consistently inconsistent throughout. As his delineator himself says of him: "With all his attempted independence of judgment, this advanced man was yet the slave to custom and conventionality when surprised back into his early teachings." He had carefully schooled himself into a democratic aversion from everything connected with the pride of aristocratic lineage; but when he is suddenly made aware that *Tess* is the daughter of five centuries of knightly D'Urbervilles, he unfeignedly exults in her splendid ancestry. He had become a rationalist in morals no less than an agnostic in religion; yet no sooner does this emancipated man learn from his wife's own most

loving lips the story of her sinless fall, than his affection appears to wither at the roots. "But for the world's opinion," says Mr. Hardy, somewhat boldly, her experiences "would have been simply a liberal education." Yet it is these experiences which place her for a time outside the human sympathy of her husband, with all his fancied superiority to conventionalisms and independence of tradition. The reader pities Clare profoundly, yet cannot but feel a certain contempt for the shallowness of his casuistry, and a keen resentment of his harsh judgment upon the helpless woman—all the more so since it is her own meek and uncomplaining submission that aids him in his cruel punishment of her. "Her mood of long-suffering made his way easy for him, and she herself was his best advocate." Considering the proud ancestry whose blood was in her veins, and the high spirit and even fierce temper she exhibits on occasion, one almost wonders at her absolute passivity under such treatment as he subjects her to; but the explanation obviously lies in her own unquestioning conviction of the justice of his procedure. One of Mr. Hardy's especially poetic traits is his manner of sometimes using external Nature not simply as a background or a setting, but as a sort of superior spectator and chorus, that makes strangely unconcerned comments from the vantage-ground of a sublime aloofness upon the ludicrous tragedy of the human lot; and, in the scene of Tess's confession, a singularly imaginative effect is produced by kindred means, where Mr. Hardy makes the very furniture and appurtenances of the room undergo a subtle change of aspect and expression as the bride unfolds her past, and brings Present and Future ruining about her head:

"Tess's voice throughout had hardly risen higher than its opening tone; there had been no exculpatory phrase of any kind, and she had not wept. But the complexion even of external things seemed to suffer transmutation as her announcement progressed. The fire in the grate looked impish—demoniacally funny, as if it did not care in the least about her strait. The fender grinned idly, as if it too did not care. The light from the water-bottle was merely engaged in a chromatic problem. All material objects around announced their irresponsibility with terrible iteration. And yet nothing had changed since the moments when he had been kissing her; or rather, nothing in the substance of things. But the essence of things had changed."

One detail of this scene strikes me as a crudity in art, though it may be a fact in nature. It is where she is suddenly aghast at the effect of her own confession: "Terror was upon her white face as she saw it; her cheek was flaccid, and her mouth had the aspect of a round little hole." This may be realism, but even realism is eclectic, and rejects more than it uses; and this is surely one of those non-essential touches which, drawing attention upon themselves, purchase a literal veracity at the expense of a higher imaginative verisimilitude.

After this, D'Urberville's re-intrusion upon her life, and his resumed mastery of it, are matters which, in their curious air of predestination, affect us somewhat in the manner of spectral interferences with human

fates; and this impression is incidentally aided by the use made, very sparingly—with that fine, suggestive parsimony which reveals the artist's hand—of the one preternatural detail, the legend of the D'Urberville coach and four. Thenceforward, as the tragedy climbs towards its last summit of desolation and doom, criticism in the ordinary sense must lie low, in the shadow of so great and terrible a conception.

There is one thing which not the dullest reader can fail to recognise—the persistency with which there alternately smoulders and flames through the book Mr. Hardy's passionate protest against the unequal justice meted by society to the man and the woman associated in an identical breach of the moral law. In his wrath, Mr. Hardy seems at times almost to forget that society is scarcely more unjust than nature. He himself proposes no remedy, suggests no escape—his business not being to deal in nostrums of social therapeutics. He is content to make his readers pause, and consider, and pity; and very likely he despairs of any satisfactory solution of the problem which he presents with such disturbing power and clothes with a vesture of such breathing and throbbing life.)

WILLIAM WATSON.

"ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION."—*Rodney*. By David Hannay. (Macmillans.)

PEOPLE still living have many traditions of the exultation which passed over the country at the news of Rodney's victory of 1782. England had had her Seven Years' War of misfortune; and her public men, and even her soldiers, believed that her sun was about to set. We had lost our colonies in North America; Saratoga and Yorktown had been great disasters; the ships of D'Orvilliers had insulted our coasts; Suffrein had struck weighty blows at our Indian Empire; it was more than doubtful whether France and Spain had not wrested from us our supremacy on the seas. The intelligence all of a sudden arrived that the days of Hawke and Boscawen had come again: that a great French fleet had been half destroyed in the West Indies, in a hard fought action, and that the flag of St. George still ruled the waves; and the nation hailed the triumph as a grand deliverance. The name of Rodney, for a time, was in the mouths of all; and though it was afterwards eclipsed by that of Nelson, and other worthies of the great war with France, it remains associated with what proved to be a remarkable change in naval warfare, and it still holds a high place in the national annals.

This biography of Rodney, by Mr. David Hannay, is one of the "Men of Action" series; and though necessarily an abridgment only, it is an admirable Life of one of our most renowned sailors. It is possible that the accomplished author places Rodney at rather too high a level when he makes him second only to Blake and Nelson. For ourselves we should give that honour to Hawke. But Rodney, like Suffrein, was a forerunner of Nelson; if he did not accomplish the revolution in war at sea, carried out by Nelson, he certainly prepared the

way for it; and if the celebrated manoeuvre of breaking the line is probably not to be ascribed to him, his action with De Guichen clearly shows that he was superior to the naval routine of his century. Mr. Hannay has clearly and vividly traced the peculiar characteristics of the famous admiral; and it is one of the excellent features of his work that he does not indiscriminately praise Rodney, and that he faithfully describes his errors and failings. One of the most remarkable parts of the book is an admirable sketch of our naval system, and of its merits and defects, in Rodney's day: this has evidently been the result of much study, and it reproduces, so to speak, the genius of the age at sea. We could wish that Mr. Hannay's pages had been illustrated by maps and plans, which are much wanted; without these, good as his narrative is, it is difficult to understand Rodney's chief exploits.

We shall not dwell on the first parts of Rodney's career, and, indeed, they do not require particular notice. He was born a gentleman of good family, and thus belonged to one of the two classes which supplied our navy with leaders in that age: men like Boscawen, of high birth, and those who had stood before the mast, like Shovel. His promotion, however, was not rapid, though he was an aristocrat with excellent interest; and, indeed, he was an old man before his opportunity came. He served with some distinction in the two conflicts of the war closed by the Peace of Aix La Chapelle and of the great war of the Seven Years; but he was not with Hawke at Quiberon Bay, nor yet with Boscawen at the siege of Louisbourg. During a great part of this long period, he was a member of the House of Commons, and a "man" of the Pelhams; and he did not rise above the low average of the men in office in that age of jobbing. He enjoyed many of the privileges of his favoured class; was placed in lucrative commands on easy stations; was made Governor of Greenwich and then of Jamaica; and had a full share of the good things of life which fell to the lot of obsequious M.P.s. Nevertheless, he was known as an excellent officer; and though he never thought of reforming abuses, and was haughty and cold to those beneath him, when he attained flag rank at last, he had the reputation at the Admiralty of talent and skill. It is difficult not to believe that, during these years, Rodney had thought a great deal on naval war, though this is not proved by sufficient evidence. It is certain, at least, that when, in old age, he obtained supreme and important command, he showed original gifts of a high order, which, doubtless, had been improved by study. Though Hawke had broken with the old routine, the tactics of navies had, for a century, been timid and leading to few results: fleets engaged in parallel order on opposite lines; and naval battles were merely duels of guns. Our operations, indeed, were better than those of the French, who never understood the objects of war at sea; and our admirals and seamen were, on the whole, superior. But privilege and corruption had injured both navies: the age, too, was one of mere usage and



custom; and, in truth, when we recollect what the condition was of the average man-of-war of those days, and of the common sailors and petty officers, we wonder that we achieved what, in fact, we did. As Mr. Hannay justly remarks, the one redeeming feature of the system was that it gave a large authority to discerning chiefs, who knew how to advance merit. Howe was a post-captain at the age of twenty, and Nelson a post-captain at the age of twenty-one.

Everyone has heard the story, a little adorned perhaps, how Rodney, detained in Paris by debt, was relieved from duress by a chivalrous Frenchman, and enabled to take part in the American War. He had passed his sixtieth year, and was in bad health, when he first obtained a really great command; and these facts must be taken into account when we compare him with other distinguished seamen. He had evidently studied naval strategy; and the war might have run a different course had Sandwich adopted his naval projects. It was his fate, however, to show his powers only in the more subordinate sphere of naval tactics; and his originality and eminence soon became apparent. He had plainly adopted the true maxims, that a British admiral ought to take the offensive, relying on superior power and seamanship; that the old system of parallel lines in battle was obsolete, and ought to be abandoned; and that the main object of a fleet should be to destroy the enemy, not to seek secondary and less important objects. He was given three occasions to carry out his views; and the last and most celebrated was the least glorious. He cut off and routed Langara's squadron with the energy and resolution of Hawke; and, though he was largely superior in force, his attack was well conceived and decisive. He rightly considered his daring attempt to isolate and destroy the rear of De Guichen as the best manoeuvre he ever designed; but it has escaped the general reader's notice, because it was foiled, owing to the neglect of captains, towards whom, unlike Nelson, he was cold and distant. The great victory of 1782 was Rodney's crown of fame; and yet it does not rank among his best displays of tactics. He took, no doubt, the true course and attacked; but the celebrated manoeuvre of breaking the French line was due, not to him, but to Sir Charles Douglas; and it was, in the main, the result of an accident. We quote from Mr. Hannay's narrative on this point:—

"I will not break my line, Sir Charles," was his answer. In his eager conviction that he was right Douglas pressed the admiral again, and even so far forgot himself as to actually give the order to port to the quartermaster. A fierce reminder from Rodney of their respective positions stopped him before the wheel was moved. Then, as we may well suppose, instinctively feeling the indecency of a wrangle, the two men turned from each for a moment. The break in the dispute calmed both. They turned and faced each other near the wheel. Douglas respectfully implored Rodney to take his advice. Reflection had shown Rodney that his subordinate was right; and with a wisdom and magnanimity which have been strangely distorted, and a courtesy which has been won-

drously misunderstood, he told Douglas to do as he pleased."

Rodney certainly did not follow up his victory with the energy of a great commander: the fleet of De Grasse would have been destroyed by Nelson. The manoeuvre, however, of breaking the line became, from this time forward, one of the aims of British admirals in battles at sea; and it had wonderful success in the great war with France. Yet it is no talisman to ensure victory, as theorists have absurdly imagined; it requires superior skill and a superior fleet to make it successful or even safe; Villeneuve's fleet at Trafalgar would have been blown to atoms had he attempted to break the line of Nelson. This method of attack, although the name of Rodney will always be linked with it, was not his proper title to renown: his real merit was that he was able to throw off the pedantry and routine of the eighteenth century. The admiral died in 1792, just before the revolutionary war began; and his position as a commander is not doubtful. He was not a man of supreme genius; he had nothing of the organising powers of Jervis; he was not in private, or even in public, life above the standard of a corrupt age; but in a lesser degree than Suffrein only, Rodney foreshadowed the career of Nelson. He gave up a bad system of naval tactics, and prepared the way to the Nile and Trafalgar.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

#### THE WORKS OF THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

*The Great Republic: A Poem of the Sun.* By Thomas Lake Harris. (E. W. Allen.)

*Lyra Triumphalis.* People Songs, Ballads, and Marches. (Same author and publisher.)

*The New Republic: Prospects, Dangers, Duties, and Safeties of the Times.* (Same author and publisher.)

*Brotherhood of the New Life: Its Fact, Law, Method, and Purpose.* (Same author and publisher.)

THE manner in which Mrs. Oliphant referred to Thomas Lake Harris in her *Life of Laurence Oliphant* occasioned some amount of vexation to Mr. Harris's disciples. It would seem, however, as if that temporary trouble was destined to prove a blessing in disguise. Mr. Harris and his followers have been aroused to new activity, and the principles of the "brotherhood," for many years unknown outside the circle, are to be preached to the world. Mr. Harris is reprinting his old books and writing new ones; while in this country Mr. Arthur A. Cuthbert has organised a "department" through whose agency the works may be had by any one interested, at a moderate cost. The time seems favourable for the reception of this new, or newly-preached, doctrine. The age tends towards credulity. Theosophy has superseded Secularism, while "magnetic ladies" and other wonder-workers are as attractive now as spiritualistic mediums and Prof. Anderson were forty years ago. If the doctrine of the Brotherhood of the New Life fail to find

general favour, it will not be because it is too marvellous. Whether the hasty acceptance of it by the unthinking is worth securing is quite another question. Still, if there be anything to preach, by all means let it be preached; for whatever the crowd of wonder-seekers who are drawn by every cry of "Lo! here" and "Lo! there" may do, a few serious-minded men and women will doubtless be found to give it attention.

The first book on our list is a lengthy poem, originally printed in 1867. The verse is flowing and musical, here and there rising into poetry. It is the work of a singer or person poetically inclined rather than of a poet. Of the book of ballads and marches we must speak less favourably. Most of the pieces are parodies on war songs and popular hymns. The only merit the author claims for them is their "fitness to enthuse the soul, and call forth the Infinite Social Passion, that, like a rising sea, is thrilling to overflow through the disinherited and outraged Common People"; but we fear most souls would need something better than the contents of this book to "enthuse" them. The prose works are Nos. 1 and 2 of the "Fountain-grove Library"—a series in course of issue by Mr. Harris to his followers and others. The *New Republic* discusses, from a distinctly socialistic standpoint, in a rather disjointed way, the present state of society. The tenets of the "brotherhood" have in reality little in common with the tenets of modern Socialism, and it is surprising to find Mr. Harris taking the position he does. Probably in his long retirement at Fountain-grove, engaged, as he tells us, in an effort "to survive," he has not fully grasped the meaning and methods of this public movement. In discoursing on the "fact, law, method, and purpose" of his brotherhood he is on his own ground; and the explanation he gives of his position and pursuits—with, incidentally, a protest against misrepresentation—is forcible and dignified.

The alleged mystery of his life, Mr. Harris affirms, is as simple as that of George Fox or Edison. He discerned in early manhood that the "harmonic law of Pythagoras was," in essence and effect, one with the teaching of Christ, its ethic being intimated in the Sermon on the Mount, and its effect being "the redemption of the flesh of man" from "gross passions and cupidities." To secure such redemption, complete self-mastery was requisite:

"Here, then, is found the present cross of Christ. The aristocrat must be crucified to aristocracy; the plebeian to plebeianism; the luxurist to luxury; the ascetic to asceticism; the exclusive to exclusionism. It is a strict, honest give up and come out from spoilage, pretence, and illusion" (p. 10).

Mr. Harris has long been asking himself by what process "the universal racial tendency to physical deterioration and decease" may be overcome, so that the bodily presence and powers shall be renewed and continued: in other words, "how, without passing through physical decease, shall man practically embody and realise the resurrection?" Now, at length, he claims to have solved the momentous problem; and he

makes the startling announcement that he is now no more "an old man of nigh seventy," but is "renewed in more than the physical and mental powers of the early prime." Presumably, Mr. Harris's disciples accept his statement without question; but others may be excused if they prefer to leave it to the test of time. No one need doubt that it is made in perfect good faith.

Apart from this, there is enough in Mr. Harris's works to repay honest critical study, in the stimulus of new ideas or old ideas restated. Assuredly "use and wont" do not lead Mr. Harris by the nose. What he says—be it wise or otherwise—is at least his own; and in our too compliant society an original thinker, or even an original speaker of other men's thoughts, must be of use. The other day one of those newspapers which cater for Evangelical Nonconformists quoted, rather eagerly it seemed, a passage from an American journal, in which insinuations of "immorality" were made against Mr. Harris and his society. This kind of attack is to be looked for: it is a mode of excommunication in vogue with that class of religious persons who, according to Mr. Ruskin, always suppose their own way to be the only way of God. As Mr. Harris himself says, "the first thought of the vulgar is that secrecy, mystery, isolation, and home-keeping imply depravity." In the same article a further complaint was made that persons of good family are engaged in Mr. Harris's household in so-called "menial" tasks, such as washing dishes and setting type. This is similar to Mrs. Oliphant's complaint. Yet such tasks, rightly regarded, are possibly as honourable and ennobling as dressing for receptions; and truly the self-renunciation they imply seems more according to the precepts of Jesus, if not to the practice of a Christian country, than the common pursuits of men and women of all classes. When the evangelical journalist is no better able than the fashionable novelist to understand this, surely there is need for someone to startle us out of some of our mis-called proprieties. Therefore, we are glad to read what Mr. Harris has to say, by way of criticism of things as they are, and of exposition of the ideal toward which he would lead mankind.

WALTER LEWIN.

*Concerning Cats: a Book of Poems by Many Authors. Selected by Graham R. Tomson, and Illustrated by Arthur Tomson. (Fisher Unwin.)*

WE have Mr. Locker-Lampson's ever-charming "Loulou and her Cat," Calverley's "Sad Memories," more memorable than sad, and Gray's inimitable "On the death of a Favourite Cat drowned in a Tub of Gold-fishes"—masterpieces all. But yet the cat can scarcely be said to be a frequent or happy inspirer of the English muse; she or he would seem a difficult creature to handle in literature as well as in real life. The "little lion" of Arsinoë (according to Mrs. Tomson's beautiful poem) is a dangerous thing. She has claws for bards as well as for babies. Keats's tortured sonnet was poor enough (without being mutilated as in

this book), and the feeble jocularity which pussy evoked from Shelley is scarcely more pitiful than the attack of elephantine playfulness from which Wordsworth suffered at the sight of a kitten.

If we may judge from this collection our continental friends know better how to treat so tricky a subject. How excellent is the sonnet of Heine so admirably translated by Alma Strettell! How elegant the epitaph by La Mothe de Vayer on the favourite cat of the Duchess of Maine, of which Mr. Edmund Gosse has furnished so fine a version! Good, however, as these and the other translations are, Mrs. Graham Tomson has done well to leave in their native French the sonnets of Baudelaire and the villanelles of Boulmier, which are inimitable in their way. But we need not despair. We know not if the author of Auld Bawthren's song, with its whirring and purring refrain "Three threads an' a thrum" is still with us; but we have at least Mrs. Graham Tomson and Dr. Richard Garnett. Let the following sonnet bear witness that the former has a true sense of the physical and psychical characteristics of this creature, so familiar and yet so strange:

"TO MY CAT (*Le Chat Noir*).

"Half loving-kindliness, and half disdain  
Thou comest to my call serenely suave,  
With humming speech and gracious gestures grave,  
In salutation courtly and urbane:

"Yet must I humble me thy grace to gain—  
For wiles may win thee, but no arts enslave,  
And nowhere gladly thou abidest save  
Where naught disturbs the concord of thy reign.

"Sphinx of my quiet hearth! who deignest to dwell  
Friend of my toil, companion of mine ease,  
Thine is the lore of Ra and Ramees;  
That men forget dost thou remember well,  
Beholden still in blinking reveries,  
With sombre sea-green gaze inscrutable."

This is the mystic cat; if we seek the cat heroic, look at the "Marigold" of Dr. Garnett:

"MARIGOLD.

"She moved through the garden in glory, because  
She had very long claws at the ends of her paw.  
Her back was arched, her tail was high,  
A green fire glared in her vivid eye;  
And all the Toms, though never so bold,  
Quailed at the martial Marigold."

Worthy indeed is this of translation into German (a feat accomplished with great success by Dr. Garnett), and all other languages.

The volume is adorned with cuts of cats, "impressions" of cats, sketches at cats, sketches of cats, by Mr. Arthur Tomson. It is the London cat which he has studied, as it prowls and feeds and woos and sleeps and performs its often interrupted toilette. These cats are constructed of but a few hasty touches for the most part; but to adopt a well-known expression of Mr. Ruskin, "the essence of cat is there."

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

*Japanese Letters.* Edited by Commander Hastings Berkeley, R.N. (John Murray.)

THESE letters are very remarkable. Were it not for the Preface, in which Capt. Berkeley vouches for the existence of the writers, I should say that the "hands were the hands of Tokiware, but the voice was the voice of the Commander." It would be of interest to know in what language the letters were written. If in Japanese, the translation is a *tour de force*, a literary success in every way. The style, the modes of thought are Western to the core, and give but a faint adumbration of the overlaid sentences and inflexible ponderosity of Japanese grammatical expression. If in French, great praise is due to the writer for the facility with which he sermonises in a language not his own. Let it then be taken as a fact that these are the *bona fide* productions of two Japanese gentlemen, the one giving his comments upon what he sees in the West, the other, one of the school of old Japan, hopeful for the best, but critical and doubtful as to the result of the new revolution.

Mr. Yashiri is a scholar, a student of French and English literature, a reader of theological, economic, and scientific works, a philosopher who writes of The Irony of Fate, The Weariness of Uncertainty, The Impotence of Unbelief, The Right and Wrong of Moral Precepts, Life and its Problems, of Individualism and Socialism, and all the questions which agitate a mind with a strong bent towards philosophical inquiry. The subjects discussed are so many and so abstruse that it is impossible to do more than merely mention the heads of the essays of which the letters for the most part consist; but he has dealt with them all in a shrewd and thoughtful spirit, and not without humour. He wields his Japanese sword with terrible effect upon the Advanced Young Person, upon the Industrial System of Europe, the Distribution of Wealth, and does not spare his trenchant criticism when dealing with M. Zola's novels.

"To me, a novel written by a man of true insight appears as a document of quite infinite value: an authentic record or picture of the time and place, to be consulted with profit by successive generations of men, by thoughtful persons who desire to understand in what way and by what means they have become that which they are. Any true genuine presentment of this kind is a possession conquered for us and for posterity, something snatched from under time's all-effacing fingers, perennial in its value, for ever inexhaustible. The fault which I find in the writers of this school [M. Zola's] is that they have no fit sense of proportion. We know that cesspools and sewage drains exist, but we are, perhaps, rather too prone to try and ignore their existence. An occasional whiff therefrom, however unsavoury, is in order; it is well to remind us that cesspools and drains require to be kept in good condition, but it is an offence to take us by the nape of the neck and forcibly hold our noses over them till we are in danger of forgetting that there are flowers and other things of sweet savour."

One glimpse he gives us of his life at home at Tokio, and of his habit of moralising upon every topic, however light. An English lady and his wife were discussing



the practice of painting the face and the use of unguents and cosmetics for accentuating beauties and dissembling ugliness.

"Both were perfectly good-humoured and courteous over the matter, but it was plain to me they were standing on either side of a rift in the ground too wide for either to step over. I brought a little plank of my own and laid it across, but the rift was too deep, and I could see their heads turn at the bare idea of crossing. . . . There was some little more sparring between the ladies on the subject of women staining their teeth black on getting married; but the sparring was more in sport than ever, for my wife seemed disposed to admit that there is a good deal to be said against the custom—from which fact I gather that that serpent young Japan has been whispering in her ear."

It is impossible not to feel a liking for the somewhat garrulous old gentleman; but our sympathies must go out to Mr. Tokiware, if the only letters he received from home during his stay in Europe were a series of essays which it was his duty either to refute or accept in the course of his correspondence.

The representative of young Japan gives his impressions of Western life in England, France, and Italy; but the greater part of his letters are taken up with observations on the Influence of Dress, the Christian Churches, Capital and Credit, the Jews, the Irish Question, Art and Vulgarity, and the Salvation Army. This range is wide, and his dealing with the matters free from platitudes, and in some parts original and amusing.

There is ample opportunity in the essays for the average Englishman to see himself as he appears in educated Japanese eyes, and the picture is not altogether a flattering one. Mr. Tokiware treats us rather as interesting specimens of *homo Britannicus*:

"In general, an Englishman of birth and breeding is tall and shapely of make; but the close-fitting garments are trying to any but a fine figure. An air of health, neatness, and cleanliness of person pervades him. He is stiff, yet not awkward, indeed the stiffness is more apparent than real. The lower class individual, on the other hand, is an inarticulate expression of all that is ungraceful, ungainly, and slovenly. In every way the contrast is so marked that I ask myself whether it is possible that the finer the flower of civilization the more rank the soil in which it strikes root."

Of our buildings and architecture Mr. Tokiware has but little appreciation; but he has reason on his side when he compares the bulk of the houses in London to a row of dry goods boxes, with oblong holes punched in to represent windows. The Houses of Parliament are "too massive, heavy, and commonplace, too unrelieved in detail" to please his taste. He misses "the lightness of construction, the ingenuity of design, the wealth and finish of decoration which characterise the public buildings of Japan."

On the whole, the essays are well worth reading, even if they are not what they profess to be; and Commander Berkeley has, from his intimate acquaintance with Eastern and Western life, given us a new edition of Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*.

S. McCALMONT HILL.

"SOCIAL QUESTIONS OF TO-DAY."—*The Commerce of Nations*. By C. F. Bastable, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin. (Methuen.)

PROF. BASTABLE'S work is one of the series of "Social Questions of To-day," edited by Mr. H. de B. Gibbins, which contains some interesting volumes, of a convenient size for perusal. It has been written on the historical plan, "in the belief," so the author tells us in his Preface, "that existing commercial policy and the doctrines respecting it are best explained by reference to their history." The narrative is careful and accurate, but wanting in vividness of presentation. Any one, for instance, who should compare the sixth chapter, on the English customs-system, with the two last lectures, dealing substantially with the same subject, in the late Prof. Rogers's recently published work on the *Industrial and Commercial History of England*, would feel at once how greatly superior in interest are the latter. It is, however, but fair to observe that Prof. Bastable's chapter is necessarily much more compressed.

The work consists of seventeen chapters, in the first three of which—an "Introductory" chapter, one on the leading features of international commerce, and one on money and indebtedness in foreign commerce—the writer lays down the bases of his work. Chapters iv. to x. are historical; while the remaining chapters, xi. to xvii., are devoted to a description of the Protectionist theory, with the connected subjects of reciprocity and retaliation, and of commercial federation. The most valuable feature of the work is, perhaps, the outlook on the United States tariff and the tariffs of Continental Europe, with Mexico and South America, and the bringing them, as well as those of our colonies, into line with our own. It is to be regretted that China and Japan should have been left out, as both countries present peculiar features in their commercial history. The commercial history of India, again, does not appear to have been adequately studied; for instance, in respect of the salt monopoly and its operation as a bounty in favour of British salt. The bearing upon commerce of the opening up of Africa which has taken place of late years would also have deserved consideration.

The main object of the work, however, it may be said, is the refutation of Protectionist doctrines, the revival of which in various forms of late years is fully acknowledged. In so doing, all the arguments in favour of Protection are carefully and candidly set forth *seriatim* and discussed, and, on the whole, successfully disposed of, though without originality of treatment. In dealing with the commercial history of the United States, Dr. Bastable has, I think, viewed it too much *ab extra* to realise what is to my mind its most characteristic feature and most valuable lesson for other nations—viz., the results of the establishment of absolute free trade between a mother country and its colonies, and of the absolute equalisation of their fiscal relations to one another. A very slight amount of reflection will show us that, with the exception virtually of

the territories ceded by France and Spain, all the states west of the Alleghany range are as much colonies of the Eastern seaboard states as these were of Great Britain; and no single provision of the American constitution has been so far-reaching in its scope, so fruitful of results, as that which, by authorising the admission of new territories and states into the Union, with rights of representation in Congress, and when admitted as states on a footing of perfect legal equality with all others, has allowed a complete system of free trade to grow up between 62,000,000 of people, spreading from ocean to ocean, over more than 3,000,000 square miles. The example has been followed of late by our own Canadian Dominion; but a war of tariffs still goes on more or less between all our other colonies among themselves, and of all (the Dominion included) with the mother country. And Prof. Bastable, in following what may be called the anti-colonial lead of the Manchester School, does not seem even to have conceived the idea of what the British empire might have become had each successive colony been treated from the first as a mere extension of British soil, the inhabitants of which should have been not "colonists," but British citizens, entitled, when forming a sufficiently considerable body, to representation in the councils of the empire, and to equal fiscal rights with their fellow-citizens of the British Isles, so that there should have been no such thing possible as customs' duties between one part of the empire and the other; but if any duties were imposed, either here or elsewhere, they should have become a mere imperial excise duty, consented to by all parties interested, and not arbitrarily enacted by one of them only. Such an ideal may, alas! be now beyond realisation; but its principle lies at the bottom of the schemes now current for commercial federation between England and her colonies, and it is surely a very narrow and mistaken view of such schemes to confound them with mere Protectionism or assimilate them to it. Utopian or not, they are simply strivings towards what Prof. Seeley has called "the expansion of England." Instead of Protection, their ultimate aim is Imperial Free Trade.

So engrossed, indeed, is Prof. Bastable with the question of Free Trade as against Protection that he overlooks various other interesting matters affecting the "Commerce of Nations," including questions still at issue. For instance, we have not a word as respects the bearing of slavery on commerce, in lowering the quality both of exports and imports, the slave being as a rule incapable of the finer processes of industry, as well as debarred by his position from sharing in the demand for anything but the merest necessities of life and the implements of the coarser labours. Going a step further, the malignant influence of the slave trade in destroying legitimate trade is wholly pretermitted, as well as the cognate questions of restrictions on the sale of firearms and spirituous liquors to savage tribes, duties upon intoxicants generally when imposed to check intoxication, and, indeed, it may be said: all that relates to restraints

laid or proposed to be laid on commerce upon grounds of morality.

Without any pretensions to beauty, Prof. Bastable's style is simple and clear. A few solecisms should have been corrected—e.g., "The growth of the urban as compared with the rural population and the contraction of tillage has" (p. 140); "This opposition of interests and the impossibility of any adequate reconciliation is" (p. 180); "The lowering of duties by commercial treaties . . . and the subsequent growth of foreign trade gives" (p. 185); "The failure of their predictions on this special matter have" (190).

To conclude: Notwithstanding some shortcomings, and especially having reference to the lowness of its price, Prof. Bastable has given the public a useful and meritorious work, and brought within a small compass much information, especially with reference to foreign countries, which could not otherwise be obtained, but at a much higher cost of money, time, and pains.

JOHN M. LUDLOW.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*The Railway Man and his Children.* By Mrs. Oliphant. In 3 vols. (Macmillans.)

*Jedwood Justice.* By Albany de Fonblanque. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

*A Romance of Modern London.* By Curtis Yorke. In 3 vols. (White.)

*A Sinner's Sentence.* By Alfred Larder. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

*A King's Daughter.* By G. Cardella. In 3 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

*The Kidnapped Squatter, &c.* By Andrew Robertson. (Longmans.)

*A Creature of the Night.* By Fergus Hume. (Sampson Low.)

*Love Letters of a Worldly Woman.* By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Edward Arnold.)

A NOTABLE novel in many respects—notable above all things for the one perfect character in it—*The Railway Man and his Children* cannot be named in the same breath with its author's *Kirsteen* and *Hester*. It is painfully long drawn out: it contains at least half a volume of sheer padding. James Rowland, the railway man, though obviously meant by Mrs. Oliphant to be a strong individuality, is an ambitious failure. One can understand and forgive his weaknesses—his irascibility, his pride, which is quite consistent with level-headedness in the business affairs of life, and his jealousy, preposterous though that is. These are the weaknesses of the self-made man who has not had time to discipline his nature. But it is almost incredible that Rowland should believe his son—with whose cubbishness and Glasgow plainness he might be disappointed, but of whose probity he has had no reason to doubt—guilty of forgery and robbery, in spite of the lad's passionate protestations of innocence. And it is absolutely incredible that he should have given his consent to a union between his daughter and Eddy Saumarez, who has actually committed the forgery, and who contemplates nothing better than developing

from a ne'er-do-well into a dilettante, and who he knows has very bad blood in his veins, being the son of the contemptible and broken down rake who jilted Evelyn Ferrars in her youth. The one thing that is altogether admirable in *The Railway Man and his Children* is the patient magnanimity of Evelyn Ferrars—for she remains Evelyn Ferrars even after she marries James Rowland. One pities her for having such "a heavy handful," as the Scotch say, as she had in her undisciplined husband and his "dour" children by his first wife, and their tiresome and odious aunt. And yet one cannot but admire her for the many things she does, and still more for the things she leaves unsaid. Although Mrs. Oliphant's glimpses of Glasgow and its folks are not quite satisfactory—they seem in a fog—she is quite at home at Rosmore, down the Clyde. Her vignettes of the people that call upon the Rowlands are delightful. Altogether, while *The Railway Man and his Children* belongs to the second class of Mrs. Oliphant's novels, it occupies a prominent place in the first division of that class.

Mr. Albany de Fonblanque's new story is commonplace in one sense, and quite the reverse of commonplace in another. Many a man has been misunderstood before now like Dick of *Jedwood Justice*, even to the extent of being accused of murder and seduction. But the number of adventures that Dick has to pass through before his good name is vindicated, and before he can marry the right woman and shake himself free of the wrong one, is altogether unprecedented. There is no flagging in *Jedwood Justice*; the country society is well sketched, and tough old Mark Applejohn is what Carlyle would have termed "a good dish."

*A Romance of Modern London* is a very good story of its essentially simple class. The plot, though not very remarkable, is carefully worked out. A young man has to struggle for a livelihood in London, and his struggle ends at least in a moral success. But he makes a blunder in his first marriage with Fay; he ought never to have thought of any girl but his only friend and consoler Bee. Douglas, however, marries Bee after Fay's death, and is rather too effusively happy ever afterwards. *A Romance of Modern London* is written with a serious purpose, and ought to be a favourite with the large class who prefer novels so written to any others.

There is an unquestionable, though squalid, fidelity to truth in *A Sinner's Sentence*. Undoubtedly there are such beings in the world as the hero of Mr. Larder's three volumes—a vulgar creature, seldom really sober, whose language is fouler than his ideas, and who appears to think it his mission in life to play Don Juan wherever he finds himself. Whether, however, Herbert Clifford—who makes one woman his mistress while he intends to make another his wife, at the same time that he is carrying on an intrigue with a missionary's wife, and a second (a compulsory affair in this case) with a French maid—was worth sketching, may be doubted.

It seems incredible, too, that such a man should have been able to inspire practically every woman he met with a hopeless and sinister affection for himself. But here he is in all his vulgarity, with all his sins, unredeemed, irredeemable, for death claims him, when the one gate out of his moral entanglements opens to him—a portent, a monster, and yet not a simulacrum. *A Sinner's Sentence* is probably, without any exception, the most hideously repellent story that has been published for some years. But there is reality as well as realism in it.

Cornish scenery and society, evangelical religion of the most ardent and sincere kind, travels in Borneo, the good side of Italian character, and the warm heart of a good girl, make up *A King's Daughter*. On the whole it is a very pleasant mixture; the Italian or Bruno element in it is particularly agreeable. One wonders, indeed, why Jim and Georgie do not marry in the beginning of the first volume and not in the end of the third. But they have, of course, certain experiences to go through, and have to be disciplined in more ways than one. In every respect *A King's Daughter* is a careful, conscientious performance, and deserves to be read in spite of a tendency, on the part of the author, to indulge in reflections of the George Eliot type.

Mr. Robertson, who publishes the volume containing *The Kidnapped Squatter* and other Australian tales—which by the way are not exclusively Australian—is neither a Stevenson nor a Haggard, but he has an eye to character, and he can tell an incident well. The best story in his collection is also the longest—that in which Jack Reeveley discovers his mysterious uncle and thereby attains wealth and happiness. There are several good characters in this story, notably the old woman, Mrs. McWhae, and the detective, McWillie. Altogether, this is as pleasant and original a volume of short stories as has been printed for a very long time.

*A Creature of the Night* is, on the whole, perhaps worse, rather than better, than the majority of the stories which Mr. Fergus Hume has produced in such rapid succession since he wrote *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. The scene is laid in Italy, but Mr. Hume seems to be quite ignorant of the Italian character. He invents a marvellous *intrigante* and murderer—a countess, no less—who seems to know all about poisons, but is not so well up in antidotes, and who conducts herself in this fashion when occasion offers:

"She gave a cry of rage like a trapped animal, and made a step forward, but, restraining herself with a powerful effort, sank into a chair and leaned her elbow on the table. Dressed in heavy black garments of velvet and silk, she looked more like the Borgia than ever, and the ruby necklace she constantly wore flashed forth rays of red fire in the glimmer of the tremulous light."

It does not clearly appear why the Countess was not handed over to the police when the narrator of the story saw her giving a poisoned cup to Guiseppe Pallanza, and why Hugo Beltrami should marry the



Countess, apparently only to hoist her with her own petard. But nothing is clear in the story; everything is mysterious and tiresome in the extreme.

How love waxes and wanes, how it occasionally revives and finally dies, in What-is-Called-Society—that dreary world where the performance of duty is seldom, if ever, invoked to prevent or even to chasten the gratification of caprice—is the burden of the three episodes which are included in Mrs. Clifford's *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*. As a matter of fact, this book gives portraits of three modern—very modern—young women. The first dislikes commonplace people but dotes on passion, the passion, however, which “was in Joan's heart when she rode into Rheims to crown her king,” which “was in Napoleon's heart when he strode on before his army and thought the whole world would be his,” and which “was in Samuel Plimsoll's heart when he stepped forth and by a passionate moment won his cause.” She bids her lover marry his cousin Nell, which, for the sake of his own peace of mind, it may be hoped that he did. The second young woman, who is the most natural of the three, has a large assortment of lovers, and marries the man who gives her a good social position, although all the while she cares for another man, who is very interesting and quite heartless. The interesting and heartless Mark sends Madge, by way of a wedding present, a little ebony clock. She buries the clock—after winding it up—beneath the place where “we had spent so many hours.” The third girl whistles back a negligent lover, and then sends him away, out of tedium, not out of revenge. This book is very clever but very artificial—nowhere more artificial than where it is most ambitiously introspective.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

#### SOME BOOKS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

*The Tombs of the Kings of England.* By J. Charles Wall. (Sampson Low.) This is an important contribution to national archaeology, and Mr. Wall must be congratulated upon having found a pleasant and interesting by-path of history which has been but little trodden. We have, of course, Weaver's well-known work, and that of Richard Gough, Stothard's *Monumental Effigies*, and the beautiful volume edited by the late Mr. Blore; but none of these cover the ground that has now been occupied, or deal with their subject in quite the same way. Modern research has brought to light much that was before unknown or obscure. The search for the lost body of James I. in the vaults of Westminster Abbey, and the discovery of the decapitated body of Charles I. in the tomb house at Windsor, are among the modern incidents described with much particularity by Mr. Wall, who also follows Dean Stanley most carefully in those investigations which sometimes drew down upon him the charge of irreverent curiosity. As a matter of fact no one could have displayed more tender care than Dean Stanley for the relics of which he was the custodian. If he thought fit to open the tomb of Richard II. in 1871, his treatment both of it and of its contents contrasts favourably with the neglect exhibited by his predecessors, who not only allowed the monument to fall into decay, but even the bones therein to be rifled. Gerrard

Andrewes, when a Westminster scholar in 1766, remembers seeing a schoolfellow poke his hand into the tomb and fish out the lower jaw bone of the king. Andrewes (afterwards Dean of Canterbury) got possession of the bone, and seems to have added it to the heirlooms of his family. Perhaps some day it may share the fate of the crucifix taken out of the shrine of Edward the Confessor by sacrilegious hands in 1685, which, we learn, was put up for sale at a public auction some sixty years ago, and has since been lost sight of. Mr. Wall, in his desire to make his book thoroughly exhaustive, goes back to the semi-mythical Lucius, the first Christian king of Britain, and to Vortimer and Vortigern, Pendragon and Arthur! Perhaps he might have spared himself this portion of his task; but, anyhow, he has given us an interesting volume, beautifully illustrated and carefully edited, and we thank him for it.

*Rockingham Castle and the Watsons.* By C. Wise. (Elliot Stock.) From time out of mind the bold promontory on which Rockingham Castle stands has been used for purposes of defence, and William the Conqueror was far from being the first strategist to recognise the strength of its position and occupy it accordingly. The fortress which he erected was no doubt simple in character, like those which preceded it; but none of the existing remains belong, in the opinion of Mr. G. T. Clark, to so early a date. The most conspicuous feature at the present time is the entrance gateway, built in the thirteenth century, when the castle underwent extensive repair, amounting almost to reconstruction. It is flanked by two semi-circular towers, bold in design and massive in construction, and admits to the outer bailey, on the southern side of which most of the castle, with its modern additions, stands. Edward Watson, who seems to have obtained through Chief Justice Montagu an easy lease of the royal manor of Rockingham, set himself to rebuild the castle about the middle of the sixteenth century, adapting its mediaeval remains to the altered requirements of his day. A hundred years later a further restoration was effected by Sir Lewis Watson, first Baron Rockingham; and since then it has undergone changes for better and worse—the former at the hands of the late Mr. Salvin, the latter by architects and builders whose names have deservedly perished. It is still a grand historic mansion, full of interest as well as beauty; and Mr. Wise's enthusiasm for the place and its owners, past and present, royal and gentle, is reasonable enough. His volume, well-printed and arranged, is rich in illustrations, pedigrees, and documentary evidences. Further study of charters will show him that he has not yet mastered all the contractions with which they abound; but we are grateful to him for giving us so many of them in their entirety, and for the really valuable family history which his research and industry have produced.

*The History of St. Martin's Church, Canterbury.* A Monograph. By the Rev. C. F. Routledge. (Kegan Paul & Co.) The claim of St. Martin's, Canterbury, which the unappreciative Stukely called “a small and mean church,” to the highest antiquity has never been advanced in a more effective manner than by Mr. Routledge. He has the enthusiasm of the antiquary, without his excessive credulity. Thus, the story of Lucius, king of Britain, his conversion and his family relationship, is dismissed with the observation that the legend probably belongs to the eighth century, and originated in a desire to connect the early growth of Christianity in Britain with the see of Rome. But must we not ascribe to a somewhat similar desire the author's own effort to show that St. Martin's is one of the few (nay,

with St. Mary's in the Castle, Dover, of the two) religious buildings which date from the Roman occupation of Britain—that on its altar continuously for thirteen centuries the Eucharist has been offered, and that within its walls, then already ancient, St. Augustine himself may have preached? The idea is so alluring that we are not surprised that Mr. Routledge has pursued it with ardour. Yet, though his good sense and careful reading have preserved him from the extravagant statements which some have too readily made, we are unable to say more than that he has made out as good a case as the circumstances admit. Anyhow, he has written an interesting and valuable monograph, dealing not merely with the disputed points to which we have referred, but with the indisputable facts of its later history and the many curious features which its architecture still presents.

“POPULAR COUNTY HISTORIES.”—*A History of Nottinghamshire.* By Cornelius Brown. (Elliot Stock.) Opinions are likely to differ with regard to the critical standard which it is fitting to apply to a work of this kind. Reviewers who think that a high degree of antiquarian knowledge or of literary skill is indispensable in a “Popular County History” will necessarily judge Mr. Brown's work unfavourably. But it contains just the kind of information that ordinary readers, not engaged in special historical studies, will chiefly look for; and the style is unpretending and straightforward. The history of a midland county, unlike that of some of the southern and northern counties, has no intrinsic unity, but is merely the history of the individual towns, villages, and great houses within the limits of the shire. Mr. Brown recognises this fact, and has accordingly arranged his material in the order of locality; and he shows more than ordinary good sense in abstaining altogether from etymologising on place-names, speculations about prehistoric conditions, and excursions into the field of general English history. The chapters on “Legend, Tradition, and Anecdote,” and on “Dialect and Folklore,” are poor; in those dealing with geology, botany, ornithology, and church architecture, Mr. Brown has obtained the assistance of specialists. So far as our local knowledge enables us to judge, the historical information is accurate; and altogether the volume appears to us superior in general usefulness and interest to many county histories more ambitious in design.

*Text-Book of English History from the Earliest Times.* For Colleges and Schools. By Osmund Airy. With Sixteen Maps. (Longmans.) Mr. Osmund Airy has gained deserved repute by original work on the history of a portion of the Stuart period, and his treatment of that period is naturally far superior to that found in ordinary school histories. The earlier parts of the book are not quite satisfactory with regard to accuracy of detail. It is startling to find a scholar of Mr. Airy's ability transcribing (of course, in ignorance of their source) some of the figments of the pseudo-Richard of Cirencester with regard to Roman Britain, or to read that the British Church had a vernacular translation of the Bible. The account of the origin of the “Saxon Chronicles” is curiously incorrect, and the designation of the author of “Piers Plowman” as Robert Langland is a perverse revival of an obsolete mistake. So far as style is concerned, the book must certainly rank among the very best of school histories. The expression is terse and condensed, but throughout unusually spirited and interesting.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that the Trustees of the British Museum have appointed Dr. Ernest A. T. W. Budge to be Keeper of Egyptian and Oriental Antiquities, in succession to Mr. P. Le Page Renouf, who retires under the operation of the Order in Council which fixes seventy years as the limit of age in the Civil Service.

MR. THEODORE BENT, who has now arrived in England, will give an account of his exploration of Zimbabwe and other ruined cities of Mashonaland at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on February 22, when the many objects of art and handwork that he has brought back with him will also be exhibited. We understand that his researches in the libraries of Lisbon have confirmed him in the opinion that these mysterious ruins are of Sabæan origin, and that the prehistoric gold miners came from Arabia.

MR. HUME BROWN, the biographer of George Buchanan, has just been informed by Senhor Guilherme J. C. Henriquez of his discovery in the archives at Lisbon of the records of the trial of Buchanan by the Inquisition at Coimbra about 1550. Among the documents is Buchanan's own defence, written in Latin, and apparently in his own hand. The discovery is of special importance as bearing on the most interesting episode in Buchanan's career, and that of which least is known.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS, who is slowly recovering from a severe illness, has been obliged to cancel all her lecture engagements for the current month.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will shortly issue, under the title of *Last Words of Carlyle*, a volume containing the "Excursion to Paris," and also the novel "Watton Reinfred," both of which have been appearing in the *New Review*.

THE first part of Dr. H. Sweet's *New English Grammar, Logical and Historical*, will shortly be published in the Clarendon Press Series. It is intended to supply the want of a compendious English Grammar, founded on the latest results of philology, especial attention being given to the definitions of the parts of speech, &c., to the principles of linguistic development, to the chronology and dialectology of English, and to phonology.

THE fifth and concluding volume of *The Memoirs of Prince Talleyrand*, with an exhaustive index to the whole work, will be issued by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co. on April 6. It will be published simultaneously in Paris, Germany, and New York.

THE series of letters contributed by Mr. Arnold-Forster to the *Times* during November and December, upon "The British Army on the Home Establishment," are to be reprinted with a preface and notes, and in addition suggestions for remedying some of the existing defects. The work will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co.

MR. C. F. BASTABLE, professor of political economy at Trinity College, Dublin—whose *Commerce of Nations* is reviewed elsewhere in the ACADEMY—has written a work on Public Finance, which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

UNDER the title of *The Song of Dermot*, the text of an important though little known MS., preserved among the Carew Papers at Lambeth, will shortly be published by the Clarendon Press. The MS., in French rhymes of the thirteenth century, relates the story of Strongbow's invasion of Ireland, and is based on contemporary Irish information. It has hitherto been known only from an inaccurate abstract made by Sir George Carew in 1617, and from a transcript of the French text pub-

lished by Pickering in 1837. The text has now been carefully revised and literally translated by Mr. Goddard Orpen, who has added an introduction, notes, glossary, &c., with a map of Leinster and Meath showing the places mentioned in the poem. A page of the MS. is reproduced in facsimile.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish during the present month Mr. Conan Doyle's new book, *The Doings of Raffles Haw*.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN will publish in a few days Ada Cambridge's new novel, *Not All in Vain*, in three volumes.

MR. F. F. ROGET, who has written several articles for the new edition of Chambers's Encyclopaedia, is preparing for Messrs. Williams & Norgate a manual of French literature, philology, and history, which is intended to meet the standard of the Scotch Education Department in the honours grade of the leaving certificate examinations.

A NEW work on *The Redemption of the Body*, by Mr. W. Fitzhugh Whitehouse, is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. F. A. EDWARDS has compiled a little book on Early Hampshire Printers, which may be obtained from the office of the *Hampshire Independent*, Southampton.

MESSRS. EDEN, REMINGTON & Co. have in the press a cheap edition of *A Cardinal Sin*, by the late Hugh Conway, with an illustrated cover.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE & Co. announce that a second edition (the fifteenth thousand) of the Rev. Silas K. Hocking's latest work, *For Light and Liberty*, which was published in December, is now ready.

SINCE Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe undertook the editing of *Annals of Our Time* (Macmillan), he has brought out new Parts with commendable promptitude. Formerly, a new Part used to appear about every three years, without any particular regard to date or uniformity. Now, we already have before us the Part covering the twelve months of 1891; and we presume that henceforth the issue will correspond with the calendar year—by far the most convenient arrangement. Still, it must not be forgotten that the work still follows the main lines—though it does not repeat the whole of the quaint title—adopted by its founder, Mr. Joseph Irving, who has also won reputation as the historian of Dumbartonshire; and it is pleasant to remember that he was himself able to continue his task from the accession to the jubilee of the Queen. His labours have been of incalculable service to the journalist, the politician, and even the historian. In Mr. Fyfe he seems to have found a worthy successor, who has the great advantage of youth.

## UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

TERM at Oxford begins at the end of this week. Meanwhile, Convocation has already passed decrees altering the dates of certain examinations, which will have the effect of extending term to the usual eight weeks.

THE professorial body at Cambridge has suffered another severe loss in the death of Sir George Paget, who succumbed to an attack of influenza on Friday, January 29. He was born in 1809, Sir James Paget, the surgeon, being his younger brother by five years. He graduated at Caius College as seventh wrangler in 1831, and for the remainder of his life devoted himself to the practice of medicine at Cambridge. It was not till 1872 that he was appointed regius professor of physic. To him,

and to Sir Murray Humphry, professor of surgery, Cambridge mainly owes the resuscitation of its now flourishing school of medicine, which has kept pace with the growth of its school of natural science.

THE number of matriculations at Cambridge this term amounts to thirty-seven, as compared with forty-seven last year, thus showing that the decrease noticed in October still continues. Of the total, nine were non-collegiate, and seven from Trinity Hall.

THE Isaac Newton studentship at Cambridge, of the value of £250, tenable for three years, has been awarded to Mr. F. W. Dyson, fellow of Trinity College.

THE Rev. H. E. Ryle, Hulsean professor of divinity at Cambridge, has in the press a book on the Growth and Formation of the Canon of the Old Testament, which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

MR. HICKS announces a course of five lectures at Sidney College, Cambridge, upon "The Being of God," dealing with the historical, cosmical, teleological, and moral arguments.

THE joint grand Gresham committee, of which the Lord Mayor is chairman, have unanimously adopted the following resolution:—

"That this committee are willing to co-operate with University and King's Colleges, and with the medical colleges of the great hospitals, in the establishment of the proposed university in and for London, on the understanding that it be called the Gresham University."

A SECOND series of free popular lectures will be begun at University College next Wednesday evening, when Mr. H. H. S. Cunningham will lecture on "Taxes and Taxpayers." Among the other arrangements are—"History and Literature," by Prof. John Nichol; "What is £1?" by Prof. H. S. Foxwell; "The Wisdom of the East," by Prof. T. W. Rhys Davids; "Ups and Downs of a Mountain Chain," by Prof. T. G. Bonney; and "Swift," by Mr. Henry Craik.

ON Sunday next, February 7, the Warden of University Hall, Gordon-square, will continue his course of afternoon lectures on "The Growth of a Nation's Religion." He proposes to examine the character and value of the oldest stratum of Biblical traditions, and thence to proceed to a constructive treatment of the historical developments of the religion of Israel.

THE *Journal* of the Royal Colonial Institute (Vol. xxiii., Part 3) contains a full report of the paper read last month by Prof. T. P. Anderson Stuart upon "University Life in Australasia," together with the discussion that followed. It appears that the total number of students is about 2000, of whom 591 are at Melbourne, 533 at Sydney, 289 at Adelaide, and 636 at the several colleges of New Zealand.

IN the February number of the *Educational Review*, Sir William Markby sketches the historical connexion between the Indian Civil Service examination and the university of Oxford. He makes bold to say that "all the subjects in the examination are taught at Oxford, and can be used for taking a degree." He also admits that, in the future, candidates will be advised not to attempt honours in a final school.

M. PIERRE LAFFITTE, the recognised head of French Positivism, has been appointed professor of the history of science at the Collège de France.



## ORIGINAL VERSE.

JOHN COUCH ADAMS.

*The English Discoverer of the Planet Neptune,  
died at Cambridge, Jan. 22.*

GOD stretched His jewelled splendour fair and  
wide

Above the Cornish moorlands, there He met  
A boy, and from dark fallows dewy-wet  
Bade him look up. He, scholar grown, espied  
The wandering of lone Uranus, and plied  
Star-quest in heights abysmal, till his net  
Of calculations intricate had set  
Sure, but unseen, far Neptune at the side  
Of that perturbed planet. Then was hurled  
Space from its throne, and distance was en-  
chained,

And mind flung back the gates of ultimate  
gloom—

But little said the seeker, he who gained  
Glory for England in his narrow room,  
Wherein he cramped the Heavens and found a  
world. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

## IN MEMORIAM.

PROF. B. TEN BRINK.

BY the death of Prof. Bernhard ten Brink, English scholarship throughout the world has suffered an irreparable loss. He has been taken from us in the prime of life, with full promise of many a future triumph in the domain where all have long acknowledged him supreme leader. His reputation as a scholar and historian of literature spread far beyond the boundaries of his adopted land; his power as a teacher brought many a student to his class-room from across the Atlantic. If he did not attract English students to a like extent, the fault has lain with them alone; for he was a great teacher, complete master of the more purely philological aspect of his subject, and at the same time, a subtle and artistic critic, yet so modest as to feel real pleasure at the presence of Englishmen in his classes. We who had the privilege of studying under him mourn the loss not only of a brilliant scholar, but also of a master and friend.

We seem to see that sensitive, expressionful face again, those clear grey piercing eyes still before us, and to hear his musical, enthusiastic tone of voice as he made clear to us some difficult problem in philology, or filled the empty shell of some dead writer's name with a living content. Never was there a man who was more unsparing in his judgment on superficial work, never a scholar more ready with sympathetic help when he saw sign of promise. Never was there a man who was better able, while keeping strictly to the scientific, genetic method of approaching a subject, to clothe a bare skeleton with flesh and blood. His criticism was dramatic while discriminating; at once keen and appreciative.

Prof. ten Brink's reputation was first made by his *Chaucer Studies* (1870), concerning which Dr. Furnivall, the founder of the Early English Text Society, declared that it led to the formation of the Chaucer Society, and that it was by far the best book on the subject. He was, perhaps, more widely known for his *History of English Literature*, which, unfortunately, is left incomplete. Still, it is possible that from material accumulated, his literary executors may be able to bring it down to Shakspeare's day. As a philologist, we are indebted to him chiefly for his *Grammar and Metric of Chaucer* (1884), practically the only Middle English Grammar we possess. His *Studies in Beowulf* (1888) are also of great value; while his contribution on Old English Literature, written for Paul's *Grundriss der Germanischen Philologie*, is practically completed, and includes his views upon Old Germanic Metric.

Prof. ten Brink was born in 1841, at Amsterdam, and studied under Diez and Delius at Bonn; thence he was called to Marburg as assistant professor, and on the reconstitution of Strasburg University in 1872, was appointed professor there. He died at his residence in Strasburg on Friday, January 29, after a few days' illness.

His pupils may try to find comfort in the words of his favourite poet—

"And certainly a man hath most honour  
To dyen in his excellence and flour,  
Whan he is siker of his gode name."

T. GREGORY FOSTER.  
H. FRANK HEATH.

## MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE new series of *Mind* opens with a substantial bill of fare. The editor leads off by assuring his readers that the journal will not undergo any considerable change in his hands, though a partly new and valuable feature in the future will be "Reports by Specialists of Current Work in their Several Departments." If the experimental psychologists abroad (and we may now begin to add) at home will only keep the editor properly supplied with the results of their researches, he will have material enough. The first and, perhaps, the strongest article in this number is a first study on "The Logical Calculus," by Mr. W. E. Johnson. The essayist seeks to reduce the principles of symbolic logic to their simplest form; and he certainly succeeds in carrying them up to a surprising degree of axiomatic simplicity. Of particular interest is the way in which he develops from his fundamental principles the several varieties of proposition, as the hypothetical and the alternative (either *x* or *y*). His view of the relation of symbolic logic to mathematics is new and interesting, and the whole paper deserves careful perusal. It is fitted to give the reader a good idea of the immense strides which the theory of formal logic is now taking. In reading it, however, one cannot help wondering what another practical Locke, when he arises, will say about all this abstruse and subtle speculation. If the old syllogistic logic was of next to no account for a man's guidance in carrying out the actual reasonings of everyday life, what, it may be asked, is the practical utility of the new symbolic logic, which is a kind of algebra of the syllogistic arithmetic? The other papers are an essay on "The Idea of Value," by Mr. S. Alexander; on "The Changes of Method in Hegel's Dialectic," by Mr. J. Ellis McTaggart; and on "The Law of Psychogenesis," by Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan. The last is an interesting attempt to show that mind develops all along the evolutionary line by "the elimination of the incongruous." One is glad to see that the sections devoted to discussion and to critical notices are as good as ever. Attention ought, perhaps, to be called to a subtle and penetrating note on "The Feeling-tone of Desire and Aversion," by Prof. H. Sidgwick. It shows the writer to be no less acute in the analysis of psychical states than in that of ethical and social phenomena, which are, indeed, at bottom, psychological also.

THE last two numbers of *Brain* quite maintain the reputation of the journal as one of interest for others than medical men. Indeed, a long and elaborate article in Parts liv. and lv., by Dr. A. D. Waller, on "The Sense of Effort," is of capital importance to the psychologist, as supplying much needed evidence in favour of that theory of the muscular sense, held by Bain, Wundt, and others, though not very fashionable just now, viz., that the muscular sensations or "feelings" are in part the psychical concomitants of the efferent

nerve-current (motor innervation). The writer's experiments and reflections have primarily to do with the phenomena of muscular fatigue, the sensation of which he refers largely to a central as distinguished from a peripheral nervous base. His contention that the sensations of muscular action and of fatigue are similar, and consequently are to be referred to the same neural conditions, ingenious as it is, cannot be said to be quite conclusively made out. Another article which will repay careful attention from the psychological student is that on "The Localisation of the Auditory Centre," by Dr. C. K. Mills, of Philadelphia.

THE most recent addition to periodical literature is the *Investors' Review*, a quarterly of some 200 well-printed pages, published by Messrs. Longmans. The editor is Mr. A. J. Wilson, who is known as the author of *The Resources of Modern Countries* (2 vols., 1878), and *The National Budget in the "English Citizen" series* (1882). The articles are unsigned; but in not a few of them we think we can trace the clearness of exposition, extent of knowledge, and vigorous style which characterise the editor himself, who seems to have inherited the mantle of Bernard Cracroft. He declines to insert any financial advertisements, and will therefore have to depend almost entirely upon subscriptions. We can only say that the first number is eminently readable, and is certainly not marked by undue consideration for city magnates.

## SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

- COMPAGNETTI, D. Il Kalevala, o la Poesia tradizionale del Finli. Firenze: Loescher. 10 fr.  
DUMONT, Albert. Mélanges d'archéologie et d'épigraphie, réunis par Th. Honnolte. Paris: Thorin. 25 fr.  
HAUSMANN, Mémoires du Baron. T. III. Les grands travaux de Paris. Paris: Victor-Havard. 7 fr. 50 c.  
JANAUSCHKE, L. Bibliographia Bernardina. Wien: Holder. 9 M.  
JOSSE, Aux environs de Lyon. Lyon: Dizin. 30 fr.  
LABROUNET, Gustave. Etudes d'histoire et de critique dramatiques. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.  
MOLINARI, G. de. Religion. Paris: Guillaumin. 3 fr. 50 c.  
NARREY, Ch. Voyage autour du dictionnaire. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.  
PARIS, Pierre. Etude: la ville, le temple d'Athéna Cranaia. Paris: Thorin. 14 fr.  
PLANCY, le Baron de. Souvenirs et inscriptions d'un Disparu. Paris: Ollendorf. 3 fr. 50 c.  
SCHURÉ, E. Les grandes légendes de France. Paris: Perrin. 3 fr. 50 c.  
SÉBILLOT, P. Traditions et superstitions de la Boulangerie. Paris: Lechevalier. 3 fr. 50 c.  
SOUVENTRE, E., etc. Contes et légendes de Basse-Bretagne. Paris: Lechevalier. 10 fr.  
THURIET, Ch. Traditions populaires du Doubs. Paris: Lechevalier. 8 fr.  
XENIA Bernardina. Wien: Holder. 50 M.

## THEOLOGY.

- DARMESTETER, James. Les Prophètes d'Israël. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.

## HISTORY, ETC.

- BONNEFOY, Marc. Les suites du neuf Thermidor: terreurs blanches, 1795—1815. Paris: Fischbacher. 2 fr. 50 c.  
CALLET, Albert. Philibert Berthelier, fondateur de la République de Genève. Paris: Fischbacher. 2 fr.  
CARTELLIERI, A. Philipp II. August v. Frankreich bis zum Tode seines Vaters (1165—1180). Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M.  
CATHERINE DE MÉDICIS, Lettres de, p.p. le Comte H. de la Terrière. T. 4 (1570—1574). Paris: Hachette. 12 fr.  
FERRIER, Hector de la. La Saint-Barthélemy: la veille, le jour, le lendemain. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.  
LEGEILLE, A. La Diplomatie française et la succession d'Espagne. T. III. Le troisième traité de partage (1699—1700). Paris: Pichon. 10 fr.  
LEBOUX, A. Nouvelles recherches critiques sur les relations politiques de la France avec l'Allemagne, de 1378 à 1461. Paris: Bouillon. 7 fr. 50 c.  
LE VASSEUR, G. Ephemerides ordinis Cartusienis. T. 1—3. Paris: Lechevalier. 75 fr.  
PROCEA-VERBAUX du Comité d'Instruction publique de la Convention Nationale, p.p. G. Guillaume. T. 1. Paris: Hachette. 12 fr.  
RECUEIL des Actes du Comité de Salut public, p.p. F. A. Aulard. T. 4 (6 mai—18 juin, 1793). Paris: Hachette. 12 fr.  
SÉCHÉ, L. Les derniers Jansénistes et leur rôle dans l'histoire de France. T. 3 et dernier. Paris: Perrin. 7 fr. 50 c.  
SOREL, Albert. L'Europe et la Révolution française. 4e et dernière partie. Les limites naturelles, 1794—1795. Paris: Plon. 8 fr.  
VALLIER, G. Sigillographie de l'Ordre des Chartreux. Paris: Lechevalier. 25 fr.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ARRÉAT, Lucien. *Psychologie du peintre*. Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.
- BEITRÄGE ZUR Psychologie u. Physiologie der Sinnesorgane. HERRM. v. Helmholtz als Festgruss zu seinem 70. Geburtstag dargebracht. Hrg. v. A. König. Hamburg: Voss. 15 M.
- HARTHAUS, C. *Beitrag zur Kenntnis der Comatulidenfauna d. Indischen Archipels*. Leipzig: Engelmann. 9 M.
- PIASMAN, J. *Beobachtungen veränderlicher Sterne*. 3. Thl. Köln: Bachem. 2 M.

## PHILOLOGY.

- BRANDSTETTER, R. *Die Reception der neuhochdeutschen Schriftsprache in Stadt u. Landschaft Luzern 1600—1830*. Einsiedeln: Benziger. 2 M.
- SUSANVILLE, P. *Quaestiones Aristotelicae criticae et exegeticae pars I*. Berlin: Calvary. 1 M. 50 Pf.
- WARMER, E. *Studia Heraclitica*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## NOTES ON HERO[N]DAS.

British Museum: Jan. 26, 1892.

I send a few further corrections of the MS. readings, which may be added to those communicated by Mr. Headlam, with most of which I fully concur.

I. 53. ἀνδρας δὲ πῖσος, suggested by Mr. Hardie and Prof. Tucker, is possible.

I. 60. καὶ καταλιζει (read by Dr. R. Meister of Leipzig).

I. 68. μὴ τὴν γὰρ Μάνδριον καταπλωσιν, which makes it unnecessary to change the following καί.

IV. 62. Probably πύραστρον, as read by Dr. Meister.

VII. 53. Probably -ουχίδας, whence τὰς μεν συμβαλουχίδας may be conjectured.

Now that Prof. Diels has identified No. 9 of the new fragments as part of No. 1, it is possible to go a step farther. At the end of the continuous portion of the papyrus, after col. 41, the initial letters of the last ten lines of col. 42 are visible. Combining these with the letters in frag. 9, we get the following as the beginnings of the lines:

I. 9 (12). ἐν' ἰσά: I. 10. ἐν τῇ: I. 11. ἀσινθη (confirming the form in VIII. 1): I. 12. ἀκουσον (not λουσον, a reading due to the fact that a portion of α appears on the fragment containing the latter part of the word): I. 13. τράγον τιν': I. 14. μακρὶς ο: I. 15. ἐκ(ε) δέ. The initial letters of the three remaining lines are: I. 16. η; I. 17. συ; I. 18. τῇ; but here the following letters are wanting.

The identification of these lines as composing col. 42 of the MS. is now complete, if further proof was wanted.

It may be mentioned that Prof. Blass has suggested that No. 8, ll. 2, 3, may be identified with Bergk's frag. 10, which can then be restored as two iambs.

F. G. KENYON.

[Two books on Herondas, both by Dr. O. Crusius, are announced by Herr Teubner, of Leipzig. One is an edition of the text, forming a volume in the "Bibliotheca Teubneriana." It will be based, of course, upon Mr. Kenyon's reading of the MS., without much regard for Mr. Rutherford's recension; but the emendations and other suggestions that have appeared in various quarters will receive due consideration. The other book will consist of Studies on Herondas, to appear in two parts. The first will treat mainly of the proverbial phrases and literary reminiscences which form such a prominent feature in these Mimes, and will also seek to determine the position of Herondas in regard to his predecessors and followers. The second part will discuss questions of prosody and metre, and others connected with the origin and growth of the Mime.]

## THE ALBERT CHARTER.

London: Jan. 30, 1892.

A few last words, and, so far as I am concerned, this controversy must close. Sir George Young is not the first person to mistake the bitter logic of facts for "acrid rhetoric," and I fear he will learn too late that the wise "administrator" would have bent before the coming storm. Had the promoters of the charter admitted its defects, we might have seen Parliament petitioning Her Majesty not to grant the charter unless it be substantially modified. But when one of them writes that "the introduction of religious tests into university life is a matter of long standing; no new or additional element of this kind is introduced by the charter into the university life of London"; then it is clear that all Parliament can be urged to do is to condemn unconditionally a charter whose promoters have not greater insight into modern needs than is expressed by these sentences.

Sir George Young must surely believe that academic life has a clearly marked growth, and that surviving types are practically the fittest for the wants of the age. In founding a new university, are we not to be guided by the experience of the past? Now, the origin of tests in the older universities was, as Sir William Hamilton has shown, a product of that mastery of the colleges over the university which reduced Oxford and Cambridge in the second quarter of this century to a high impotent condition so far as learning was concerned. The amazing growth of these two universities in the last twenty years—their rebirth, so to speak—is chiefly due to the reassertion by the university of its true position to its largely taking upon itself the work of teaching, and its gradual reduction of the colleges to a subordinate position. The passing of the University Tests Act, 1871, fitly marks the beginning of the new epoch. That Act freed learning from the trammels of any kind of dogma; and only those who know the private opinions of Oxford and Cambridge scholars can judge how many of the most distinguished teachers and researchers at present in those universities would have been excluded by the ancient régime. Hitherto there has been no university life in London; a movement has been started to create it, and when a charter is drafted which allows a test to be administered to half the teachers in the Faculties of Science and Arts, we are told that "the introduction of religious tests into university life is a matter of long standing." Yes, just as long standing as the mastery of the colleges over the university at Oxford or Cambridge! The granting of monopolies by the Crown is also "of long standing," but both monopolies and religious tests have disappeared from modern life; and Sir George Young will find it hard to cite the case of any first-class university—outside Russia—where tests are imposed, except in the faculty of theology! To re-introduce them is contrary to all the progress of the last twenty years, and certainly will introduce a "new and additional element"—i.e., one which exists nowhere else—into London university life. A college established for denominational purposes may, of course, set what tests it pleases; but if it does so, it cannot form a fit body to make appointments to a university staff. Yet such it is according to Sir George Young! "To ensure the appointment of fit persons as professors," he writes, "it is by no means necessary that these appointments should lie with the principal governing body." Perhaps not; but the history of the older universities sufficiently indicates that it is fatal to the university to be absolutely controlled by its colleges in this or any other respect.

A greater administrative authority than appears among the promoters of this charter, a man ripe in academic experience and having

the history of university life at his fingers' ends—I mean Sir William Hamilton—states the following among principles which

"have been universally and exclusively approved in practice. Precisely as they have been purely and thoroughly applied, have universities always risen to distinction; precisely as they have been neglected or reserved, have universities always sunk into contempt."

Namely:

"Nothing tends more directly to lower, in the eyes of the patron and of the public, the importance of an academical patronage, consequently nothing tends more to enervate and turn off the credit or discredit attached to its acts, and to weaken the sense of responsibility felt in its discharge, than the right of appointing professors in general, or, still more, of appointing to individual chairs, being thrown in as an accidental, and consequently a minor, duty, to be lightly performed by functionaries not chosen as competent to this particular duty, but constituted for a wholly different purpose. But with its patronage is naturally conjoined, as an inferior function, the general superintendence of a university; academical curators and patrons should, in fact, be the same."

Sir George Young's scheme divorces them and places the patronage in the hands of the college councils, bodies "constituted for a wholly different purpose." The interests of the colleges and the university will not be at one, and the former will have the mastery.

Let me point this out clearly. I and eighty per cent. of my collegiate colleagues were appointed for certain duties which we may or may not undertake efficiently. Those duties involve teaching of a very laborious and elementary kind, much of which is not at all academic in character. Now this eighty per cent. of teachers is thrust without further ado on the new university. We may or may not do our collegiate work with profit to our students, but what is quite clear is that neither by scientific nor literary reputation are we the type of men that the university of the capital, if it were worthy of the nation, would select as its teachers. The other twenty per cent. shall pass muster. Is the university to "induce us to withdraw"? If it does, it may get more distinguished men, but such men will hardly undertake the elementary collegiate teaching. At the very outset, if the Albert Charter were to be granted, the interests of the colleges and of the university would clash, and it is the latter which would go to the wall. I again assert that a university of which eighty per cent. of the teachers are below the true standard of a great metropolitan university must be wanting in dignity. Its teachers will live for the colleges and not for the university. I agree with Sir George Young that a charter cannot directly provide funds, but I assert that it can directly control, if wisely drafted, the expenditure of existing funds. One of the great defects of London higher teaching is the competition of rival institutions, which squander on duplicate professorships, and on two or three small laboratories, what ought to provide a single efficient teacher and at first-class equipment. There is nothing in the new charter which will prevent this in the future. It distinctly asserts that the colleges are to be completely autonomous.

Finally, Sir George Young admits that the fundamental feature of the new university is the creation of a new examining body. He adds that it also creates a good deal more, "as has been sufficiently shown in the ACADEMY." He must assume that the readers of the ACADEMY are all using his own roseate magnifying glasses. The history, if not of the next few weeks, then of the next few years, will, I fear, shew him that universities cannot be created without regard to the experience of the past,



the wants of the present, or the probable development of the future.

KARL PEARSON.

#### WHAT NAME DOES "JACK" COME FROM?

Stridenham-hill: Jan. 28, 1892.

I heartily sympathise with Mr. Nicholson in his endeavours to connect "Jack" with "John," because I myself have more than once made an effort in the same direction—though not precisely on the same lines—but always without success. It had seemed to me possible that the Scotch "Jock" might represent the *Joh* (of say *Johan*), pronounced *Jok*, just as many English Hebrew scholars pronounce the original Hebrew *Jochānān* *Jokānān*, either because they cannot or will not give its aspirate value to the Hebr. *Chēth*. But I could not discover the slightest evidence in favour of this view, and I was, therefore, obliged to give in to the old—I should say very old—view that Jack is the Fr. *Jake* or *Ja(c)que*.

Let us compare the filiation of "Jack" as derived by Mr. Nicholson from *Johan*, and as derived from *Jacobum*, and we shall at once see how much more easy and natural the second is than the first. Mr. Nicholson's filiation runs about as follows:

*Johan, Jehan, Jhan,\* Jan, Jan(e)kin, Janky, (or Jakky), Jakky, Jakke (Jacke), Jak (Jack),* the italics marking the forms which Mr. Nicholson is unable to find.

The filiation from *Jacobum* runs as follows:

*Jacobum, Jacōmum (cf. the Ital. Giacomo), Jakeme, Jakme,† Jake, Jaque, Jacques, Jack.* All these forms exist with the exception of *Jacomum*, which can readily be deduced from *Giacomo*, and most of them will be found in a note of mine in *Notes and Queries* (7th S. x. 130) on *James* and *Jacob*. If I do not there give *Jaque* and *Jacque* (which will be found in *Roquefort*, in *Larchey*, or in *Mistral*), it was simply because, as I was considering the word *James*, which comes from *Jacobus*, I was not bound to quote any forms coming from *Jacobum*.

In German the form "Jack" exists *totidem literis*, and is admitted to come from *Jacob*—see *Wackernagel* (*Kl. Schriften*, Leipzig, 1874) iii. 162. He also gives the broader dim. forms *Jocki* and *Jockei*, which he calls *oberalamannisch*, and which exactly correspond to the Scotch *Jock*.

The "weak points" in Mr. Nicholson's derivations are really so very weak that, to my mind, they upset his whole case. He cannot find *Janky*, and I do not see that he is ever likely to find it, for when and where has the dim. *kyn* (*kin*) become *ky*? *Jacky* does, indeed, still exist; but this has been made up of *Jack* by adding *y*, as in *John*, *John(n)y*, and is therefore altogether different from Mr. Nicholson's *Jakky*, which is made up of *Jan* and a supposed dim. *ky* (= *kyn*), by the assimilation of the *n* to the following *k*. And even if Mr. Nicholson had been able to get *ky* out of *kyn*, he would still have to show that this *ky* could become *ke*; and this done, there would be the

\* In Wycliffe I find *Joon*, *Jhon*, and *Jon*, and of these *Joon* was probably pronounced like *Joan*; but I cannot say whether the *o* in the two other forms was long or short (as in the *John* of the present day). If it represents the *o* and not the *o* of *Johan*, it was probably short. In old French I find *Johan*, *Jehan* (*Roquefort*), but where did Mr. Nicholson get his Eng. *Johan* from?

† *Kin* being difficult of pronunciation, the *m* disappeared in this instance; but, in the case of *James*, it is the *k* which vanishes. The filiation is as follows: *Jacobus, Jacōmus, Jakemes, Jakmes, James*, all these forms (with the exception of *Jacomus*) being found and being given in my note in *Notes and Queries* quoted further on.

further task of showing that the *Janke* thus obtained could become *Jakke* by the disappearance of the *n* or its assimilation to the *k*. And of neither of those two steps has Mr. Nicholson been able, as he himself allows, to collect an example.

The only question remaining, therefore, is this: Are Mr. Nicholson's avowed "weak points" more or less difficult to get over than the ordinary supposition that the French *Jake* or *Jacque*, having found its way into England, came in the course of time to be used as a "pet name for John"? To my mind, they are infinitely more difficult—indeed, I look upon them as insuperable, while in the alternative supposition I see no difficulty whatever. Nor is it likely that I should, after having argued in the *ACADEMY* of November 21, 1891, that the Greeks—or, rather, people speaking Greek—at different times confounded the Hebrew equivalent for John with those for *Jonah*, *Jonathan*, and even *Joseph*. And such confusion is, as one might expect, still more common in the case of abbreviated or diminutive Christian names. Thus Miss Yonge tells us in her Index that *May* in England stands for *Mary*, but in Scotland for *Margaret*. See also *Jamieson*, who tells us, moreover, that *Mysie* stands both for *Marjorie* and for *Marianne*. And similarly, in a note in *Notes and Queries* (7th S. x. 30), I have pointed out that in French *Ninon* may stand for *Anne*, *Catherine*, and *Engénie*. Besides this, we find evidence which seems to show that *Jacques* is sometimes used in French where we should use *John* or *Jack* in English. Comp. "John Bull" with "Jacques Bonhomme"; "Jack of all trades" with "Maitre Jacques" (*Littre*, *Gasc*), "Jack o' the clock (house)" with "Jaquemart," in which, whatever the *mart* may mean, there is the name *Jaque*—*James*. And again, *Gasc s.v.* "Jacquot" translates it not only "Jim, Jem," but also "Jack," so that it would seem that in France, also, some confusion has taken place between the equivalents of *John* and *James*. The fact is, *Jacque(s)* was in former times as great a favourite in France as *John* was in England; and this is how *Jake* or *Jacque*, so it seems to me, when it had found its way into England from France, came (in the form of *Jack*) to be used = *John*, especially as this had already become so short that it could be neither abbreviated nor turned into any acceptable pet form except *Johnny*. *James* had already its *Jem* and *Jim*; and we could well spare its *Jack*, which had no particular likeness to it, and was almost as much like *John*, especially in the form of *Jock*.

In conclusion, as Mr. Nicholson has appealed to me to help him with his derivation, I will point out that *Pott* (p. 120) and *Wackernagel* (*loc. cit.* iii. 162, note 53), both speak as if they considered *Jack* to come from *John*; but they give no arguments, and no mere dicta have any weight with me. Indeed, *Wackernagel* indirectly rather confirms the view which I adopt; for, while he says that the Swiss dim. "Jögli" may be a pet form of *Johannes*, he allows that the weight of the evidence is in favour of the view that it is really "Jäcklin," a dim. of *Jacob*, so that it looks as if even in Swiss-German some confusion had arisen between the equivalents of *John* and *James*. The *g* in "Jögli" proves nothing, indeed is rather in favour of the *James* view, for in *Mistral's* *Mod. Prov. Dict. s.v.* "Jaque," I find the form *Jagme*, while Mr. Nicholson gives "Jagge"—*Jakke* (and *Jakke*, according to my view, = *James*), and *Wackernagel* himself, in the very next page, gives *Joggi* and *Joggel* as = *Jacob* (i.e., *James*).

With regard to *Jackanapes*, upon which Mr. Nicholson incidentally remarks, this word was used both of apes and of men; and if, as is probable, it meant an ape (= *Jack* ape) before it

was applied to a man, then I fail to see how it can originally have had the meaning assigned to it by Prof. Skeat—viz., "A man who exhibited performing apes." I have, therefore, endeavoured to show (*Notes and Queries*, 7th S. xi. 126) that the original meaning was *Jack* among, or of, the apes, and so an ape himself, just as *Caterina Dei Medici* means that *Caterina* was a member of the *Medici* family. F. CHANCE.

#### THE INDIAN ORIGIN OF POPULAR TALES.

Guildford: Jan. 27, 1892.

I regret that I have only now had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Lang's letter under the above heading in the *ACADEMY* of January 16. I may, however, still be permitted to indicate the ethnological and economical facts, the importance of which, with reference to theories of any social origins whatever, has, for many years past, seemed to me ever greater the greater one's knowledge of these facts has become.

1. The facts pointing to Egypt and Chaldea as the earliest seats of the origins of civilisation, i.e., of organised societies, with written records.

2. The facts showing that one of the main conditions of the origin of these civilisations was a conflict of higher white with lower coloured and black races.

3. The portraits, skulls, and skeletons, demonstrating that these white races were non-Semitic and non-Aryan, probably pre-Semitic and pre-Aryan, and hence conveniently to be distinguished by the term "Archaian"—a term that has, for some twenty years now, been used in geology in not dissimilar relations.

4. The wealth and leisure obtained by the subjection and exploitation of these lower races; and hence conditions very highly favourable to the intellectual development of the higher races who, as their skulls and portraits assure us, were possessed of great intellectual capacities.

5. The world-wide distribution of white races, certainly non-Semitic and non-Aryan, and not improbably branches of the same white stock to which the founders of civilisation in Egypt and Chaldea belonged.

Among less general facts may be noted those later results of research which seem to indicate the existence of a pre-historic, i.e., pre-Aryan and non-Aryan civilisation in India. And hence I have the pleasure of agreeing with Mr. Lang in such expressions of opinion as the following:—"The ideas in *contes* are of extreme antiquity . . . much older than India as historically known . . . and above all not peculiar to India." But instead of saying, as Mr. Lang does, that "it is just as easy to allege that those tales reached India from Egypt, as that they reached Egypt from India," I venture to think that consideration of such facts as those above indicated, and of others which I have no space here to detail, may justify one in believing it far more easy to prove that these tales reached India from Chaldea or Egypt than that they reached Chaldea or Egypt from India; and further, that from Egypt, or Southern Arabia, far more probably than from India, "they have spread South even down to South Africa."

J.S. STUART GLENNIE.

#### "THE BROWNING CYCLOPAEDIA."

Toynbee Hall: Feb. 3, 1892.

Will you allow me space to protest against a book lately published by Dr. Berdoe, under the title of *The Browning Cyclopaedia*? It may be matter of opinion whether the explanation of Browning's recondite allusions is helpful to readers—I think it probably is; but, at least,

it is desirable that such work should not be disfigured by elementary blunders. The following are culled from about a dozen pages dealing with "Aristophanes' Apology" and the translation of the "Agamemnon." The page references are to the thirteenth volume of the Collected Works.

"P. 6. *dikast* and *heliast*: the *dikast* was the judge, the *heliast* were jurors."

"P. 9. *As the Three taught when either woke some was—i.e., the three Furies.*"

Of course the Three are Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides.

"P. 10. *Milesian smart-place*, the Athenian defeat at Miletus."

The Athenians were not defeated at Miletus: (*f. Hdt. vi. 21.*)

"P. 21. *Kleophon*, a tragic poet of Athens."

The point is that he was a demagogue; the poet was quite another person.

"P. 46. *Taigetan*, one of the Pleiades!"

Browning explains in a bracket "(you guess, Sparté)," Dr. Berdoo, however, failed to guess Sparté, and looked out Taigete in his classical dictionary by mistake for Taigetus.

"P. 166. *Mukenaian tyrant*, Agamemnon, King of Mycenae."

Eurytheus.

"P. 253. *Elektra*, daughter of Atlas and mother of Dardanus, the founder of Troy."

Classical dictionary again! Six Elektras are very puzzling.

"P. 270. *Ilion*, a town of Macedonia!"

"P. 273. *Achaian's two-throned empery*: the Peloponnesos with Greece proper."

Aeschylus has *Ἀχαιῶν διθρονον ἐμπεδος*—i.e., the brother-kings, Agamemnon and Menelaos.

"P. 304. *Erinnus*, a surname of Ceres."

"P. 307. *The Argian Monster*. . . The Lernaean monster with seven heads, slain by Hercules."

Aeschylus has, *Ἀργείων δόκος, ἱερῶν νεμεσάς, ἀσπίδοποιότα λέων*,—i.e., the company of Argives concealed in the wooden horse.

"P. 317. *Alkmene's child*, Hercules was the son of Alkmene."

"P. 325. *Orthian style*, the flogging of boys at the altar of Artemis at Sparta, the Diamastigosis."

"Diamastigosis" is good, but unfortunately *ἀπλοῖς ἐν ῥήματι* merely means "in a shrill tone."

But enough. I cannot refrain in the name of all lovers of Browning from speaking out, when I find a commentator capable of such ignorance as this permitted—in Mr. Stevenson's expressive phrase—

"To swing by his irreverent tail  
All over the most holy place."

Dr. Berdoo naively tells us in his Preface that one of his qualifications for his task lies in his having "attended nearly every meeting of the Browning Society from its inauguration." I venture to think that his time would have been far better occupied in acquiring the rudiments of the Greek language. May he serve as an awful warning to the universities, and as a powerful argument for Mr. Churton Collins in his crusade against the severance between the study of English and classical literature!

E. K. CHAMBERS.

"FLY LIKE WHISTLEJACKET."

Hatfield Hall, Durham: Jan. 27, 1892.

In "She Stoops to Conquer," Act iv., occur the words spoken by Tony: "I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistlejacket." I have never seen this explained, but have no doubt that the reference is to a racehorse, famous in its day, named Whistlejacket, which belonged to Lord Rockingham. It ran at York and Newmarket in 1751, and had a clean record of victories. As Goldsmith's play was not produced till 1773, there would be ample opportunity for the name to become the typical designation of a fleet horse, like the "Bees-

wings" and "Donovans" of a later time. There is a life-size picture of "Whistlejacket," painted by G. Stubbs, at Wentworth Woodhouse.  
H. ELLERSHAW.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Feb. 7, 4 p.m. Sunday Lecture Society: "Fashion and Health," by Dr. Andrew Wilson.

7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Class Ethics," by Miss Hughes.  
MONDAY, Feb. 8, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Movements of the Body and how they are accomplished," by Mr. H. Power.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Saracenic and Turkish Architecture," III., by Mr. G. Aitchison.  
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Development of Electrical Distribution," III., by Prof. George Forbes.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Meaning of Life," by the Rev. Dr. W. L. Gilden.

8.30 p.m. Geographical.  
TUESDAY, Feb. 9, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Brain," IV., by Prof. Victor Horsley.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Gold-Quartz Reduction," by Mr. A. H. Curtis.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "British Columbia: a Problem of Colonial Development," by Canon Beaudouin.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Articles and Implements of every day Use among the Chin Tribes on the Burmese Frontier," by Mr. M. J. Walhouse; "The Skull of a Chin Decoit Leader," by Capt. E. S. Hastings;

"Exploration of Howe Hill Barrow, Dugdaleby, Yorkshire," by Mr. J. R. Mortimer; "Human Remains found in Howe Hill Barrow," by Dr. J. G. Garson.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 10, 8 p.m. Geological: "The Raised Beaches, 'Head,' or Rubble Drift in the South of England: their Relation to the Valley Drifts and to the Glacial Period," by Prof. J. Prestwich; and "The *Stenulus* Zone in the North-West Highlands of Scotland," by Messrs. B. N. Peach and John Horne.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Burning Oils for Light-houses and Lightships," by Mr. E. Price Edwards.

THURSDAY, Feb. 11, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Some Recent Biological Discoveries," by Prof. E. Ray Lankester.

4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "Recent Travels in Indo-China," by Lord Lamington.

7 p.m. London Institution: "Nineteenth Century Music," by Mr. W. H. Cummings.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Saracenic and Turkish Architecture," VI., by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Logical Foundations of Applied Mathematical Sciences," by Mr. E. T. Dixon;

"The Inadmissibility of the usual Reasoning by which it appears that the Limiting Value of the Ratio of Two Infinite Functions is the same as that of their first derived, with Instances in which the Result obtained by it is Erroneous," by Mr. E. P. Culverwell.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: Discussion, "Some Experimental Investigations of Alternate Currents," by Mr. A. Siemens; and "The Specification of Insulated Conductors for Electric Lighting and other Purposes," by Mr. W. H. Preece.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Feb. 12, 5 p.m. Physical.

7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Fly-Wheels and Governors," by Mr. H. B. Ransom.

7.30 p.m. Ruskin Society: "The Work and Object of the Guild and School of Handicraft," by Mr. C. R. Ashbee.

8 p.m. New Shakspeare: "The Relation between *Titus Andronicus*, *Lucrece*, *Henry VI.*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*," by Mr. C. Crawford.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Rain, Snow, and Hail," by Mr. G. J. Symons.

SATURDAY, Feb. 13, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Matter: at Rest and in Motion," I., by Lord Rayleigh.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Fortnightly Meeting.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Annals of Tacitus*. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by H. Furneaux. Vol. II., Books XI.-XVI. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

In his second volume, as in his first, Mr. Furneaux understands in the most liberal sense his duties as an editor of Tacitus. Basing his text upon that of Halm, but with certain well-considered changes, he illuminates that text by a judicious and businesslike commentary. But his work has not ended here. He has gone very thoroughly over the other records of the period, and comes before us in his introductory chapters as a historian, no less than an editor, of considerable claims. Original, but cautious in surmise, and critical in examination, he seems to possess just the right balance of mind for surveying the mis-statements of the past and the con-

jectures of the present. It is impossible, of course, to say what surprises the future may have in store for us in the revealing of new MSS.; and, in another sense, no work upon a classical author is final—some brilliant emendation may occur to a fresh mind, before which whole piles of comment and conjecture will crumble away—but, surprises apart, Mr. Furneaux's edition of the *The Annals of Tacitus* is likely to be the last work on the subject for a good many years.

The editor begins with a summary of the principal events between the end of the sixth book and the beginning of the eleventh, and then passes on to state and to consider Tacitus's view of the character and government of Gaius, Claudius, and Nero. The materials in Tacitus for an account of Caligula are of the very slightest, but even his hints have their value. It seems to have been decreed by fate that we shall not receive from the *Annals* a complete account of any Roman emperor's principate: the account of Tiberius is broken in the middle, that of Gaius or Caligula is altogether lost, that of Claudius begins six years after his accession, and that of Nero has lost its end; but still we have so much left of the books that dealt with these last two emperors that we are not at any loss as to what Tacitus's judgment on them was. Unfortunately, it is easier to be sure of his judgment than to be sure of its justice. He insinuates where he cannot—or does not—prove; he affirms general propositions, and brings forward only individual illustrations. We should like to know more than we do of his authorities for even his individual illustrations; and we distrust Tacitus most in his highly-wrought speeches, where there are often no illustrative facts at all. We have an abiding sense that he never meant to be unfair or to falsify history; but, alongside of his prejudice in favour of virtue, he has several other prejudices, and he has a perfect passion for style without quite understanding that style should be uniform and impressions consistent. He, probably, had a vivid impression of the character of each emperor and leading men or women; we do not find that his general tone about any one of them is different at the end from what it was at the beginning, which is by itself proof that his work has been revised and, to a certain extent, made to play well together; yet he does now and again make remarks which tell at the moment, but which do not harmonise with the total impression of this or that character.

Few things, therefore, are more interesting than to see what really was Tacitus's view of each eminent personage; and few more amusing than to watch for the passages—chiefly in speeches—where the rhetorician has triumphed over the historian. The right man was certainly in this case born in the right time. At no other place or time could a writer of Tacitus's gifts have had the luck to live near to a series of scenes and actors so striking, so puzzling, so unrestrained, as those which his *Annals* and his *Histories* record. As to Gaius, very probably a young madman, it is not to be supposed that we have lost much history in losing Tacitus's



report of his acts; but we are certainly robbed of a great deal of good reading. Claudius, however, even the fragmentary Claudius, makes amends. His principate is no less diverting than that of Caligula, and Tacitus is perhaps more instructive in narrating it than he is likely to have been in dealing with the latter. Caligula left things very much out of joint; and from Claudius's efforts to re-establish some kind of working arrangement, we learn what was then thought essential to the imperial system. Tacitus's account, however, of Claudius's first measures is lost to us, and we have to be content with the middle and end of his government. But there is quite enough here to furnish food for reflection and room for conjecture. Whatever else Claudius was, he was at all events well educated. The Greek teachers and friends of his youth, with whom he so often had to dine alone, gave him not only learned tastes, but also businesslike habits, industry, and philosophy enough to make him moderate in his titles. Foolishness they could not eradicate, nor—if Tacitus may be trusted—a certain inclination to cruelty (often allied to weakness of mind) and stimulated after the death of his nephew by the omnipotence of his new position. If Tacitus and Suetonius were really building on good contemporary authorities when they described him as cruel, we shall have to ascribe to his freemen rather than to him his humane legislation about slaves. This will then become creditable to the much abused freedmen—as also is the fact that the freedmen did not always get on well with the empresses. But as to one empress, at least, there is an unsolved riddle. What is the real meaning of Messalina's marriage with Silius? Tacitus cannot have known, for his story is utterly incomprehensible; and Mr. Furneaux is wise in saying little about the matter. The philosophy of Claudius's disposition or training comes out, we fancy, less in his toleration of his wives than in his treatment of the provinces. Mr. Furneaux notices how he "conceives and carries out, with a boldness far beyond that of his immediate predecessors, the Roman idea of consolidation consequent upon conquest."

The extent of Agrippina's ambition and the real character of the pliable Seneca are two puzzles which accompany us from Claudius's principate into that of his successor; and upon them Mr. Furneaux does the great service of giving us the facts quite clearly and plainly, so that we can form our own opinion. But Mr. Furneaux's analyses are not, like Seneca's style, mere sand without lime. There are always comments, explanations, and conjectures to bind them together. Mr. Furneaux himself is less sceptical as to all the astonishing stories of Nero's principate than we should have expected. Even the cautious Mr. G. Long went further in doubting whether Nero was as black as he is painted, and Mr. Furneaux seems untouched by the stronger doubts and fuller sceptical arguments of continental writers. Yet about great things and small our record of Nero is filled up with incredible tales. We always thought that the story of an elephant walking on a tight rope with a Roman knight on its back

must owe its origin to a pictorial advertisement, and M. Hochart has taught us to disbelieve the tale of the plot against Agrippina when the cabin roof was arranged to fall in, and the ship was also arranged to come to pieces. It is quite possible that modern inquirers may end by rejecting nearly everything we are told about Nero, except what we can make out from the legends and the alloy of his coins and the particulars of his provincial administration.

Mr. Furneaux devotes separate chapters of his Introduction to two provincial matters—the Roman relations with Parthia and Armenia down to the death of Nero, and the conquest of Britain under Claudius and Nero. It is not in anyone's power to say much that is new on the latter topic, but we are always the better for a good sifting of the facts and a survey of recent theories. Hübner, the editor of the volume of the *C.I.L.* which deals with Britain, has of late years published some bold views about the conquest of the island which do not find much favour in Mr. Furneaux's eyes. Mr. Furneaux is unwilling to believe that the Roman invasion under A. Plautius Silvanus touched our shores so far west as Hübner supposes: he finds its landing place somewhere in the south-east. On that decision Hübner's tempting derivation of the name of Clausentum (Bitterne, near Southampton) from that of Claudius through Claudientum will fall to the ground. (If it is not to be abandoned, might we not suppose that an emperor of archaic tastes named the town, not exactly after himself, but after the old form of his family name, Clausus? Then we need not invent a form Claudientum.) We may perhaps never know when Glevum (Gloucester) was occupied: that question goes along with the other, where Plautius landed; but does not Mr. Furneaux think that there is a probability that it was not colonised till the time of Nerva, derived from the inscription in *C.I.L.* vi., No. 3346? We have long felt a difficulty about Caratacus, and are disappointed that the new editor of Tacitus is not more successful than other people in clearing it up. How is it that a chieftain from the eastern side of Britain became a popular leader in South Wales? He had no footing there, and all the narrow instincts of tribal jealousy would stand in his way. Not any Frenchman—to take a somewhat parallel case—would make an acceptable leader to Bretons at the present day in resisting a war of invasion. It is misleading to talk of Caratacus throwing himself into South Wales as a "stronghold of national independence." There was no British nation at all. If there had been, it is probable that there would have been no conquest; and many years later the tribes were still at bitter feud one with another. Something which we do not know lies beneath this story of a Caratacus heard of first in the East and then in the West. With this mystery, whatever it be, may be connected the extraordinary way in which the first Roman colony on British soil is mentioned by Tacitus. Colchester was founded, he seems to say, to keep the men of South Wales in order!

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

## TWO BOOKS ON AGRICULTURE.

*Elements of Agriculture.* By W. Fream, (John Murray.) A general demand having long existed for an elementary yet thorough work on agriculture, suited for rural and other schools and classes, the Royal Agricultural Society took up the matter, and the result lies before us in this excellent manual. A committee of the society, with Lord Moreton for chairman, sketched the general plan of the book, and then entrusted the carrying out of their views to Dr. W. Fream. No book can be named that is at once so full, so trustworthy, and so cheap; and there is no doubt it must be long regarded as the standard work on its subject. It treats of soils, plants, animals. Under the first head tillage, manures, and drainage naturally fall; crops and their treatment, weeds and insect pests, are comprehended under plants; while a full account of the different breeds of cattle, their fattening, and the newest plans of dairying will be found under the third division. The book is abundantly illustrated, and that with only useful woodcuts, while the indices are full and in every way satisfactory. Dr. Fream and the society are to be heartily congratulated on this little book, which ought to be extremely useful in the cause of technical education. Turn where the reader will, the information is brought up to the day, and clearly stated, while the book's parentage is sufficient guarantee for its accuracy. Only two possible additions can be desired, and these might easily be supplied in future editions, when the book would form a perfect treasure to farmers and pupils alike. The first of these is a chapter on poultry, their breeds and treatment. At present the subject is not named. The other is a farming calendar. Perhaps the committee thought that this had already been supplied in the late C. Lawrence's excellent "Handy Book for Farmers." Could it not be incorporated at the end of Dr. Fream's book? In every point the book before us is an admirable specimen of what such a manual should be.

*Farm Crops.* By John Wrightson. (Cassells.) Prof. Wrightson always writes to the point, without wasted words or long preambles. This is one of the most practical of his books. Farmers as a rule distrust book learning, and an author who should hope to sell his books to farmers only would certainly not need to print a large edition. But for schools of technical education and for the Oxford University Extension Lectures this little volume will prove most useful. It treats of the rotation of crops and the theory of root following; describes the growth of each crop and the method of harvesting it, together with the diseases and insect foes to which it is liable. The pages on grasses are particularly instructive. Indeed most of them are figured, and so are some of the best of modern farm implements. The theory of haymaking is well drawn out, and there is a chapter on ensilage. Not every one would agree with the author that in certain cases boggy or rushy land is better left alone. It may not pay to drain it, but the rushes and rubbish could at all events be dug up and burnt. Apart from each one's prepossessions, however, it is a pleasure to meet such a thorough book as Prof. Wrightson's in all the branches on which it touches.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW ETRUSCAN INSCRIPTION.

Barton-on-Umber: Feb. 1, 1892.

By the courtesy of Prof. Krall, of Vienna, I am enabled to give some extracts illustrating numeral-forms, from the Etruscan inscription

described in the ACADEMY of last week. The extracts furnished to me are as follows:

- VI. 9. ZAΘRUMSHE . lusaś . fler . hamfiscā .  
θezeri laiviscā.  
VI. 13. ΘUNŚNA . ΘUNŚ flerś.  
VI. 14. ESLEM . ZAΘRUMIS . ucate . tinsin sarve.  
VIII. 1. θucle . cis . s'ariś . cavila.  
VIII. 3. celi θuθis . ZAΘRUMIS . flerxva ne-  
θunsl . θucri . θezeric.  
IX. 2. CIEM . CEALXUS . lauxumneti . eisa  
θaxsein.  
X. 2. CIEM . CEALXUS . capeni.  
XI. 8. pelereni . ESLEM . ZAΘRUM . muein.  
XI. 12. ESLEM . CEALXUS . etnam . ainsa cesal.  
XI. 17. ESLEM CIALXUS.  
XII. 10. ΘUNEM . CIALXUS.

The numeral-forms, nearly all of which will be familiar to students (*vide* my "Etruscan Numerals" in *The Archaeological Review*, July, 1889), are in Roman type. As Prof. Krall hopes to be able to publish the inscription early in March, it is needless to comment at length on these extracts. There can, I think, be no doubt of their genuine character. Among other well-known words occurs *fler* (cf. *flerorce*, Fab. No. 2398), = *flere*, "an offering," and *flers* = *fleres*, "the offering" (*vide* Sayce, in Pauli's *Altital. Stud.* iii. 128). The form *neθunsl* = *neθunus* + *sl*, = "Neptunus-belonging-to" (cf. *Englunsl*, &c.). The final *c* (= Latin *que*) appears in *θezeri-c* (cf. vi. 9: *θezeri*). *Θunem* is a new form, apparently formed by analogy with *eslem*.

ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

#### THE NAME OF ŠEŠBASSAR.

Oxford: Feb. 1, 1892.

Prof. van Hoonacker's proposal to explain the name of the "prince of Judah," שֶׁשְׁבַּצַּר (Ezra i. 8, &c.), as a contraction of this Babylonian *Samaš-bil-usur* is very ingenious. May it not be improved by changing *bil* into *habal*? Then the name is a complete parallel to Nabû-habal-usur, "Nebo, protect the son" (= Nabopolassar). A shorter name, Habal-usur, "protect the son," also occurs, as Schrader long ago showed (*Die Ass.-Bab. Keilschriften*, 1872, p. 154), to which *Samaš* might be prefixed equally well with Nabû.

T. K. CHEYNE.

P.S.—On referring to Prof. van Hoonacker's note again, I see that he speaks of *bassar* as containing the two elements *bil* (or *bal*?) and *usur*. At the end of his letter he drops *bal* altogether. At any rate, I may give my vote for the less favoured reading.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

MESSRS. HENRY SOTHERAN & Co. have issued the prospectus of a Monograph of the Birds of Paradise and Bower-birds, by Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe, of the Natural History Museum. To some extent, it will form a supplement to Gould's well-known *Birds of New Guinea*, incorporating the most recent discoveries. Where practicable, Gould's plates will be employed; but in many cases the species have been redrawn by Mr. Hart, the artist who assisted Gould for more than forty years. The work will be published in six parts, making one volume imperial folio: and each part will contain ten hand-coloured illustrations. The edition is limited to 350 copies.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will shortly publish the eighteenth edition of Sir Philip Magnus's *Lessons in Elementary Mechanics*, entirely rewritten by the author. It contains several new sections, and especial attention has been given to the subject of units and to the explanations

of terms. No change, however, has been made in the general arrangements of the book. A Key containing full solutions of all the exercises and examination questions, many of which are new, is also ready for press.

MARCH 17 is the date fixed for the Bakerian Lecture of the Royal Society, and Prof. James Thomson is to be invited to deliver it. The Croonian Lecture is to be delivered on March 24 by Prof. Angelo Mosso, of Turin, the subject being "The Temperature of the Brain."

At the last general monthly meeting of the Royal Institution, special thanks were returned for the following donations:—Sir Benjamin Baker, £50; L. M. Rate, Esq., £50; J. W. Swan, Esq., £21; Wm. Anderson, Esq., £25; for carrying on investigations on Liquid Oxygen.

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, Jan. 25.)

PROF. E. C. CLARK, president, in the chair.—Prof. T. McKenny Hughes read a paper on some recent discoveries of objects of mediæval date, between Hobson-street and Sidney-street. He gave a description of a hitherto unknown ditch occurring within the area enclosed by the King's Ditch, and containing a remarkable collection of pottery and other objects, most of which he exhibited. The ditch was exposed during the excavations for the foundation of some new buildings on Mr. Hunnybun's premises between Hobson-street and Sidney-street. He gave topographical reasons for believing that this ditch was older than the King's Ditch, and exhibited various objects of Roman and mediæval age which he had found on the adjoining areas within the King's Ditch. In the newly discovered ditch, however, the objects were all mediæval, but, as he thought, confirmatory of the view that it was older than the King's Ditch. There was some dark grey pottery which, if found elsewhere, might pardonably be mistaken for Roman: while the long glazed mediæval jugs appeared to be much earlier than the middle of the thirteenth century, the date of the King's Ditch. These tall jugs with a lip, fluted handle, and finger-moulded scolloped base, some of dark grey ware, some of red, were generally glazed about the mouth and upper half, but the glaze was seldom continuous about the lower part. Their form and texture and glaze, combined, referred them to mediæval date; but he pointed out that this could not with certainty be inferred from small fragments, as he had found Roman glazed pottery in this district. The bones of domestic animals were not numerous, but very interesting. The sheep had long goat-like horns, and one specimen had two horns on the same side. As it is improbable that any one had imported a Syrian four-horned sheep, this, he thought, was probably a freak of nature. The oxen had horn-cores like those of the Celtic shorthorn; and without the spiral curve which seems in this district to have come in with crossing and domestication. Among the objects brought to him as found in the soil during the excavations on some part of the area was a small wooden book. He had not been able to verify the circumstances of this find, and unfortunately the tablets had been cleaned. The book consisted of two covers and two leaves; the inside of the covers and both sides of each leaf were incised, leaving a margin all round. The incised portion was covered with some black substance, probably wax, on which characters inscribed with a style were still visible. He showed some admirable photographic reproductions by the Cambridge Engraving Company which, for the purpose of deciphering the writing, were better than the original: but this task had not yet been accomplished.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, Jan. 27.)

E. W. BRABROOK, Esq., in the chair.—A paper was read by the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, on "The Didache, or Teaching of the

Twelve Apostles." This long-lost Church Manual was rediscovered in 1873 by Archbishop Bryennios who, ten years later, issued a scholarly edition in Greek. Dr. Taylor gave a description of the MS. and of the Baltimore facsimile, and explained the different tests of genuineness. Passing thence to the contents of the Manual, he discussed the "Two Ways," Church ordinances, and institutions referred to, and commented upon certain interpolations. Much fresh light and considerable interest were infused into the text of the teaching; by the lecturer's illustrations from ancient Jewish sources. There appears to be no doubt as to the antiquity of the tract, which there are grounds for believing to be a genuine relic of the first century. In conclusion, the lecturer noticed the bearing of the Manual on the literary history of the Gospels.—A short discussion followed, in which the chairman, Dr. Phené and Mr. P. W. Ames, secretary, took part.

#### FINE ART.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### III.

THE arrangement of the English pictures this year is the one consecrated by usage: that is, Gallery No. 1 is wholly devoted to them, and they obtain a fair half of the Great Gallery No. 3, while the Water Colour and Black and White rooms contain a selection from the works of the old masters of English water colour.

The "Decollated Head of the Duke of Monmouth" (F. Seymour Haden, Esq.), the authorship of which remains unknown, is interesting as a curiosity, but moves us not as a picture, even as such things may easily move. It does not even give the shudder so readily obtainable under the circumstances, and has no claim to special distinction in a class which contains at one end the "St. John" of Andrea Solario, at the other the "Egmont and Horn," of Louis Gallait.

Richard Wilson has rarely more victoriously maintained his position as one of the greatest masters of landscape than in the exquisite "Cader Idris" (F. Worsley-Taylor, Esq.). This furnishes one more proof that an interpreter of nature must necessarily rise highest when, transcribing the scenes of his native country, he penetrates through the outer surface into their very essence, as he can but seldom do in portraying the alien beauties of foreign lands, dazzle they and enchant him ever so. A comparison of the simple and pathetic piece to which we refer with the "Apollo and the Seasons" (Wentworth Beaumont, Esq.), a fine example of Wilson's Italian manner, based—yet not slavishly based—on that of Claude, well illustrates our meaning. Singularly happy in the "Cader Idris" is the fashion in which the pure blue of the mountains is relieved upon, while it yet almost merges in, the paler azure of the skies. Many Turners are here, of various periods, and in widely differing states of preservation. To the middle time belongs the great "Sea-piece" (Lord Leconfield), black and grim, as works of this special class are apt to be, but strangely grand and heroic in conception. From the same famed Turner collection comes a jewel of the first water, the "View of Petworth House." This is a peaceful, tender scene, made up of park-like undulations framing a little sunset-tinted lake, beyond which appears the somewhat prosaic-looking house. Turner has here painted with what is for him, at this stage, an extraordinary amount of detail, lovingly finishing his trees, and rendering the myriad reflections on the smooth water with a skill unsurpassable. And what is still rarer, he condescends to portray the scene with its own natural pathos, renouncing for the occasion the lurid, disquieting splendour



in which he is so fond of dissolving even his simpler subjects. We must not pass over in silence another Turner of the middle time, Lord Wantage's famous "Walton Bridges"—a canvas which, notwithstanding its many beauties, produces as a whole a puzzling and unsatisfying effect, by reason of its want of unity and its unfortunate profusion of competing motives. The beautiful "Lake of Geneva" (Sir Donald Currie), now doubly mysterious in its decay, is on the borderland between the second and third manners; its middle and far distances are now sadly effaced. But, before dealing with the remaining canvases in this very interesting collection of landscapes, we must return to the figure painters.

Gainsborough is seen here to the highest advantage, both in portrait and in landscape. The little known full-length "Mrs. Portman of Bryanston" (Viscount Portman) must take rank with the best of his more popular masterpieces, than many of which it is more completely composed and more solidly painted, while its subject is one *prima facie* less attractive to the general public. The lady portrayed is an English gentlewoman who is no longer young and has never been fair, yet whose distinguished, sympathetic appearance has, all the same, its own particular charm. She is seated in an armchair near a window, and wears with ease a much flounced and trimmed silk dress of a beautiful pearl-white colour and sheeny surface. The flesh and, in a less degree, the other portions of the canvas have no doubt faded, but they have faded evenly and becomingly, leaving the general tone still strong and effective. The head is modelled with a more searching skill than is usual to Gainsborough, but it is in the white dress, with its happy arrangement of line and charming varieties of surface, that a really supreme technical power is displayed. Here the master not unsuccessfully enters the lists with Velasquez on the one hand, with Terborch on the other. Characteristic examples of the same painter are the "Elizabeth, Duchess of Grafton" (Mrs. Wm. Agnew) and the "James Tomkinson of Nantwich"; but we crave leave to doubt whether he is really answerable for the inferior "Mrs. Billington." A peculiar charm exhales from the "Repose: a Landscape with Cattle" (James Price, Esq.), to which the sombre, ardent light of a dying sunset lends an almost tragic solemnity. It is a true Gainsborough landscape, half derived from nature, half reminiscence of what is most attractive in the art of great predecessors. Sir Joshua defends himself bravely against the constant encroachments of his dangerous rival, being here, in one or two instances, seen at his best. To paint at the end of a long and noble career, as he has painted in the irresistible "Mrs. Braddyll" (Lady Wallace), is to set the seal to a well-earned fame. This half-length of an exquisite example of English womanhood—as distinguished for purity of aspect as for a reposeful elegance—is slightly painted, yet done with the hand of a master. It shows, too, no sign of perfunctoriness in the conception, but, on the contrary, a warm and sympathetic interest in the idiosyncrasy of the fair sitter. The sparkling "Miss Bowles," from the same famed collection of Manchester House, is, we are inclined to think, the most charming of all Reynolds's infant *espiegles*, because it is the one which least oversteps the simplicity of nature; the canvas is, moreover, in what is, for Sir Joshua, a remarkable state of preservation. In the large double portrait, "The Earl and Countess of Ely," well authenticated as it appears to be, there is but little that recalls the master, save, perhaps, the head of the Earl; while on the other hand, the almost as vast full-length

"James, first Viscount Lifford," is remarkable for the audacious realism shown in depicting, with no shade of courtly flattery, a cynical unpleasant visage which it is somewhat hard to reconcile with the distinguished career of the personage presented. To criticise anew the unfortunate "Death of Dido" from Buckingham Palace would be to slay the slain over again.

Though Romney's name appears no less than ten times in the Catalogue, this cannot, in truth, be said to be a Romney year; for rarely, indeed, has the not infrequent harshness and crudity of his colouring more unpleasantly asserted itself than in some of these examples. Pleasing, subject to this reservation, is the "Portrait of the Hon. Charlotte Clive," in virtue of a certain bright intelligence of aspect; but infinitely finer the noble, masculine "William Hayley," a study which is by far the best example of the master in the exhibition. Though the double portrait "Mr. and Mrs. Lindow" is uncompromisingly harsh in modelling and outline, it is nevertheless attractive by reason of a certain honesty and downrightness, such as we associate rather with the Teuton Zoffany than with Romney. Of a more familiar type is the aristocratic elegance sympathetically portrayed in the "Caroline Viscountess Clifden and her Sister, Lady Elizabeth Spencer," which is, however, too obviously artificial in composition, while its colour, aggravated by some process of cleaning, is positively painful. To speak frankly, Sir Charles Tennant's "Portrait of Mrs. Jordan," which is apparently put forward as a replica of a celebrated and lovely original now belonging to a member of the Rothschild family, inspires us with the deepest distrust. The hand of Romney may no doubt be traced in the white dress and the blue sash; but is he to be made answerable for the painting of this head and these hands, executed by the feeblest of feeble brushes? More important and finer Raeburns have been seen, even south of the Tweed, than the engaging portrait "Mrs. Smith, of Jordanhill" (Mrs. Archibald Smith), which is broadly but rather too summarily modelled. Its charm is that of a kind of serenity and ingenuousness, more spontaneous in its simplicity, if of less piquant effect, than the attractiveness which we find in Raeburn's more famous predecessors and contemporaries.

The large "Landscape" by John Crome (H. T. Broadwood, Esq.) is a study of noble trees and tangled woodland, overshadowed by a threatening but still light-giving sky. These sombre yet luminous thickets, these tiered ranks of ancient gnarled oaks, have the rare and pathetic charm which belongs especially to the most admirable among the English successors of the great Dutch school; the hypercritical might perhaps deem his portraiture here of abnormal eccentricities in the trees as too close. Somewhat dry and tiresome in its faithful realism is the same master's "Yarmouth Harbour" (late E. H. Lawrence, Esq.); but the companion, "Yarmouth Beach" (C. S. Roundell, Esq.), is an admirable example, distinguished not only for its pure bright lighting, but for the rare felicity with which the insinuating lapping of a calm sea against the low-lying sandy beach is depicted. None but the admirers *quand même* of Constable will find themselves able to accept as a masterpiece the huge "Opening of Waterloo Bridge: Whitehall Stairs, June 18, 1817" (Sir Charles Tennant), though in many isolated passages the brush-power of the great artist unmistakably asserts itself. The houses in the left corner of the tormented foreground are splendid in their solidity; the cloudy, wind-swept sky is worthy of the greatest sky painter since Ruysdael. But then how tasteless and *manqué* is the arrangement of the difficult subject, and how artificial the sparkle produced by this much too impartial scattering of

points of light all over the canvas. And yet when we come to William John Müller's audacious and, at first sight, singularly happy imitation of Constable's manner—and mannerism—in the large "Eel-bucks at Goring" (Wm. Agnew, Esq.), we find ourselves on an artistic level altogether lower. If it is evident on the one hand that this curious work could only have been executed by a painter of rare facility, wielding a broad sweeping brush; on the other there is laid bare in it a slovenly *à peu près* fashion of dealing with the subject chosen, which is far, indeed, from the enthusiastic nature worship of Constable. Müller cannot be said to have issued, during his too short career, from the stage of great promise into that of great performance; yet he has done many finer things than this dashing, if insincere, study. It must grieve the Walker worshipper to see that the much-regretted painter's "Sunny Thames"—a landscape with rustic figures, which, be it remembered, remained unfinished at the artist's death—does not maintain itself in the midst of its dangerous surroundings. The poetic realism, with its happy national flavour, appears as genuine as ever; the colour, however, is, in its actual state, both forced and monotonous, while the figures of the half-atticed young rustics, who fish in the stream, are painfully lacking in atmospheric envelopment.

If the collection of water-colour drawings does not unite as many celebrated and perfect examples as some of its forerunners in the same rooms, it is nevertheless well diversified, serving especially to illustrate the peculiar art of John Sell Cotman, the humorous studies of rustic types which are the glory of William Hunt, and the processes of Turner and De Wint in some of the preparatory stages of their art. The first manner of the former master is shown this year in its maturity by the large and faded "Fonthill" (Sir Chas. Tennant), painted in 1800—a not very inspired rendering of a dull subject. Among a whole series of interesting "Sketches" belonging to the later time—which are really the rough notes they purport to be—we should single out the beautiful and unusual "Early Dawn on a Dark Moor" (J. E. Taylor, Esq.); the magnificent "Tête Noire" (H. T. Vaughan, Esq.), a design of the middle period hardly more than dashed in; and the blazing sinister sunset called "Yarmouth" (same collection). A curiosity is the fantastic "Temptation on the Pinnacle of the Temple" (G. Gurney, Esq.), engraved for Milton's *Paradise Regained*; and another, the curious vignette "River View" (J. E. Taylor, Esq.), showing in the deep azure of approaching night an imposing unreality combined of flowing stream and majestic lamp-lighted tower—a foreshadowing of one of Mr. Whistler's peculiar night effects. A beautiful rainbow-hued study, "Dawn after Wreck" (Rev. W. Kingsley), is completely spoilt by the ludicrous figure of a howling, disconsolate dog in the foreground; and in like fashion another lovely study, "Sunset over the Sea" (J. E. Taylor, Esq.), is disfigured by a couple of the most grotesque and improbable marine monsters, introduced *à propos de bottles*. This fidgetiness of the giant in the matter of foregrounds is one of his greatest weaknesses, and, moreover, one of the sins much less of his youth than of his splendid maturity. The Righi has always served with Turner as an excuse for the most radiant colour-fantasies, and the present version (Rev. W. Kingsley) is scarcely less brilliant than those better-known renderings which have already been seen on the same walls. John Sell Cotman is, with all his limitations, unquestionably one of the most original, one of the most inspired, of English artists; but it is surely an exaggeration to speak of him as, in the truest sense, a colourist. He has plenty of colours in his more violent Turnerian phase, but scarcely colour; and

this contrasting of broad masses of orange with balancing masses of deep blue, this undue simplification of intervening gradations, is as unlike Turner's real method as anything that can well be imagined. To this style belong the unpleasant and unreal "Abbatial House of St. Owen, Rouen," two "Classical Landscapes," and the striking design, "Statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross." Best of this group is the really harmonious and pathetic "Cader Idris"; but we must own to a preference for Cotman in his greyer, more sober mood, of which the grim but noble "St. Luke's Chapel, Norwich Cathedral," is a commanding example. Luckily, it is not often that we find De Wint in a "high-falutin" falsely romantic vein, as in the large "Calling of Elisha" (C. Seely, Esq.), which our respect for one of the national glories must not prevent us from frankly pronouncing detestable, in its lack of conviction and its jumbling together of heterogeneous, ill-matched elements. But, then, how the master takes his revenge with these magnificently broad sketches of his, alive with the grey, suffused light of an English atmosphere, and unsurpassed for sympathetic and unexaggerated truth of rendering. We cannot do more than mention here the sparkling "Harvest Field" (F. Nettlefold, Esq.), the finely-designed "Dunwich Church" (same collection), the powerful preparatory sketch, entitled, "Landscape" (James Orroek, Esq.), and "Bray Church" (F. Nettlefold, Esq.). David Cox's "Welsh Funeral" (F. Craven, Esq.), painted in 1850, is an imposing example of the somewhat hasty and loose, but still effective manner of his latest time; in execution it is inferior to the breezy, inspiring "Broom-Gatherers" (F. Craven, Esq.) hung next to it. But most impressive of all—a genuine study made for the artist and not for the public—is the superb "Waterfall, Bettws-y-Coed." A curiously instructive failure, on the other hand, is the "Louvre and Tuileries from Pont Neuf" (F. Nettlefold, Esq.), which shows the limits of Cox's power, and his conspicuous want of sympathy for the difficult subject which he here attempts. Not even last year was William Hunt more supple or more admirably represented than on the present occasion. Less and less do we care for those still-life subjects to which he, in a great measure, owes his reputation. They are wonderful pieces of stippling, mere *tours de force*, neither intrinsically beautiful nor in any way suggestive; and, moreover, they have made a bad school in England, from which we are only now, with the aid of foreign example, emerging. We need not single out for mention any of the many representative specimens of this style to be found here, with the exception of the admirably-lighted "Pine-apple and Melon" (F. Nettlefold, Esq.), which stands out as a far more artistic production than its fellows. It is in virtue of his technically first-rate and irresistibly humorous presentments of rustic types that Hunt deserves and will retain his fame. Here a certain unpleasant hotness and rustiness of colour, especially in the surroundings of the figures, is the only drawback to complete enjoyment. In the delineation of these meek, dove-like maidens, there is, to our taste, a little too much of the "sweetly pretty," for which we must perhaps blame rather the taste of the time than that of the artist. But in these portrait-studies of the apple-cheeked, mischievous urchin of the village and the farm, the artist commands an absolute, a triumphant success, such as only the truest sympathy informing the most remarkable skill could achieve. True, the large rustic idyll, "Cymon and Iphigenia" (Chas. Maw, Esq.), is far from being technically harmonious or complete; but who could resist "Contented with Little" (late E. H. Lawrence, Esq.)—that study, brimming over with good humour, of a smiling urchin

seated on a tub at a table, and triumphantly holding a dumpling on his fork—or its companion, "Happy with More"? Quite equal to these are the delicious "Pick-a-Back" (same collection), and "The Pet Lamb" (G. R. Burnett, Esq.), which last is genuinely pathetic in the subtle truth with which it shows a little farm lad with supreme satisfaction cuddling his woolly pet. The collection also comprises two examples of John Crome, interesting rather as exceptions than for any especial excellence; four drawings by that sober, solid, and sometimes interesting artist John Thirle; and landscapes by Copley Fielding, Bonington, Prout, and Holland.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE TOMB OF KHUENATEN.

Tel el Amarna: Jan. 23, 1892.

It has long been known that the Arabs had obtained access to the tomb of the remarkable founder of Tel el Amarna; the heart scarab of Khuenaten was sold two or three years ago at Luxor, and the jewellery of Neferti-iti, his queen, a year or two before that. The secret of the place having been obtained, M. Alexandre proceeded this month to open up the tomb on behalf of the authorities; some of your readers may agreeably remember him as in charge of the sale-room of the Ghizeh Museum. With the permission of MM. Daressy and Alexandre, I was the first visitor to the tomb. It is now closed with iron gates, and numbered 26, North Tombs.

Crossing the great plain here to the second largest valley, four miles to the east, the road winds for four miles more up that valley, passing a remarkable subsidence in the limestone strata, and reaching a narrow side ravine in which is the tomb.

The entrance is like that of the tomb of Seti I. at Thebes; but the sloping passage is about half the length of that. The walls are quite plain. On the right, after the first slope, is a turn leading to another descending passage quite unfinished. This was made subsequently to the tomb of Merit-aten the king's daughter, which comes further down on the right. It consists of three chambers, the walls of which are covered with figures; most of these are weepers, headed in one case by the king weeping, beneath the disc and rays, before his daughter, who stands in a shrine or canopy. At the end of the sloping passage is the chamber of Khuenaten, about 30 feet square, with two rough pillars. It has been carved all over, but mainly on a plaster coat which has largely perished. The fragments of scenes which remain are purely formal, and not of importance. There is no colour, and the work is poor. On the floor, amid a mass of loose stones, are pieces of the granite sarcophagus smashed in early times, and parts of *ushabtis*.

It is much to be wished that this place should be most carefully cleared out, to solve the question about this king, as to physiognomy, sex, and tattooing, all of which are questioned. It is now left in a half cleared state, by superior orders, as I have heard. My own work in the town here has produced several new results, which I hope to report on before long. I am expressly debarred from touching the tombs.

WM. FLINDERS PETRIE.

### THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE ON THE LONGFORD HOLBEIN.

London: Feb. 1, 1892.

In view of the importance that has been attached to the terrestrial globe that appears on the Longford Holbein as affording a possible clue to the identity of the individuals portrayed,

it may interest readers of the ACADEMY to know that I have been fortunate enough to discover the approximate source whence Holbein's globe is derived.

In 1885 there came into the possession of the late Mr. Henry Stevers the gores of a terrestrial globe (since sold to America) which he, and Mr. C. H. Coote of the British Museum, identified as the lost globe of 1523 by Johann Schöner, a distinguished mathematician, and the author of many works, chiefly published at Nuremberg.

A close comparison of Holbein's globe with the one above described shows the two to be intimately connected. Mr. Coote, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information, states that he has never seen two ancient globes so nearly allied. The similarity is so great as to place beyond doubt that they belong to the same series or are derived from a common source.

Special stress must be laid on the fact that "Nuremberg" occupies on both the same central and conspicuous position—a proof that this point has no necessary connexion with the immediate objects of the picture, as has been inferred. The prominent marking of this city seems rather to figure as a kind of brand or certificate of the place where these globes were made, and possibly as an expression of the pride of the Nurembergers in their town, which was called by one of them "the centre of the earth."

Out of about a hundred words common to both globes, only some half-dozen show variations of orthography. But these deviations, trifling as they are, make it probable that Holbein had before him another edition of the Stevens globe. This conjecture is borne out by one or two more important differences between the two globes.

The Stevens globe gives the line of Magellan's circumnavigation of the world (1519-22). This is omitted by Holbein. On the other hand, the painter's version shows a considerable number of additional names, all in the continent of Europe. In France five provinces and four towns are inserted; in Spain we find four provinces; Saxonia, Polonia, and Servia are added to the list; and in Italy, Rome and Genoa.

It would be interesting to ascertain how far these additions are due to the painter: how far they may have existed on some later and fuller edition of the Stevens globe, from which he appears to have worked. The only satisfactory mode of deciding this question would be by comparison with other old globes of similar type, should such be found to exist. The three other known globes by Schöner, that have come down to us, unfortunately throw no light upon this point. But it is quite possible that further examples may yet be hidden away in the dusty corners of public or private libraries. It is to be hoped that those who have access to such collections may be tempted to take the matter up, and be able to bring fresh facts to bear upon it. In the general paucity of evidence respecting the picture, a solution of this question would no doubt be a contribution worth making towards unravelling the mystery that attaches to it.

MARY F. S. HERVEY.

### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. SPIELMANN's article in the February number of the *New Review*—to which we referred in advance a fortnight since—is now in the reader's hands; and he will, if he has any serious interest in the project discussed, be able to see that the writer of the elaborate paper of which it is question can show plentiful cause for the faith that is in him.



After having perused Mr. Spielmann's remarks, it is hard to come to any other conclusion than that the additional collection of work by deceased British artists should be in Trafalgar-square, where magnificent examples of Turner, Constable, Wilkie, and Crome are lodged at present, though it is not perhaps so easy to decide whether the Government should favour the more or the less expensive of the two plans put forward for realisation on the same unexceptionable site. For the moment, the less expensive would commend itself most readily. In the long run, the more costly might be found also the most honourable and the most satisfactory. The plans are worth everyone's attention.

THE exhibitions to open next week include: water-colour drawings of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; a collection of paintings by M. Th. de Bock, at the Goupil Gallery; M. Hans Makart's "The Triumph of Ariadne," and other foreign pictures, at the Hanover Gallery—both in New Bond-street; and one hundred sketches, &c., by Mr. Frank L. Emanuel, at Mr. Stacey's Gallery, Old Bond-street.

THE newly formed Japan Society already counts more than one hundred members. The chairman of the council is Prof. W. Anderson; and the hon. secretaries are Messrs. A. Diosy and D. Goh.

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT, whose intended lectures at the South Kensington Museum upon "The Revival of Platonism" we noticed last week, informs us that, in consequence of the prevalence of influenza, he has been obliged to postpone their delivery until November.

FOR the same reason, Miss J. E. Harrison's lectures on "The Myth of Demeter and Persephone," announced to begin at South Kensington on February 5, are postponed till May.

MR. JOSEPH CHUNDER DUTT has reprinted from the *Indian Nation* (Calcutta) an account of an archaeological visit to Gauhati, the ancient capital of Assam. The temples, &c., he describes mostly date only from the eighteenth century, as is shown by the inscriptions which he is careful to quote. There are, however, many ruins of older buildings and fragments of sculpture, which would perhaps repay more detailed examination. It is sad to think that the destruction of some of these is due to the misdirected activity of British engineers. Mr. Dutt's pamphlet gives evidence of a keen enjoyment of the picturesque, such as is not common in the writings of natives. It concludes with an appeal to the Provincial Government to establish an antiquarian museum for Assam.

## THE STAGE.

### LE PETIT THÉÂTRE.

Paris: Feb. 2, 1892.

FOUR years ago a group of young poets, musicians, and artists started a novel experiment in dramatic art, which they set forth with the following explanation:

"We are going to open a theatre of Marionettes: our actors will be artistically carved, their limbs will move with grace and ease, they will be richly attired, and their language exquisite poetry. Friends, artists of renown, will paint the scenery of our miniature stage, and the music will be such as Prospero could command. Our audience, a chosen few, must draw largely on their imagination, forget dull care and the outer world, M. Zola and the Impressionists, in order to spend a pleasant hour or two with us in Dreamland."

So the Petit Théâtre in the Passage Vivienne was founded and prospered; and its annual

première is now looked forward to with delight by the "chosen few," an audience composed of the pick of artistic society in Paris. A limited number of paying performances are given afterwards for the benefit of the public. The auditorium can contain about 150 spectators; the miniature stage is about 8 feet wide by 10 feet in depth, while the height of the actors varies from 15 to 22 inches; the scenery is in proportion. The first play given was an adaptation of Aristophanes' comedy, "The Birds"; the year after, a clever adaptation of Shakspeare's "Tempest," by M. Bouchor; the poet, who is the life and soul of the Petit Théâtre. Last year we had a charming old mystery-play, "Tobie," by M. Bouchor, the scenery was painted by MM. Rochegrosse, Lerolle, and Doucet, and the music composed by M. Baille. The part of Tobias was recited (below the stage) by M. Richepin, the other parts by well-known poets and artists, while M. Rabbe (the translator of Shelley) barked to perfection the part of Tobias's dog. Last night the fourth season of the Petit Théâtre opened with M. Bouchor's "La Légende de Sainte-Cécile," in three acts, in verse. The scene is laid in a city of Asia Minor, in the third century of the Christian era. Beside the leading characters—St. Cecilia, St. Michel, Gaymas, the King—there are an invisible chorus of angels, a jailor, and two angels.

M. Bouchor's "Legend of St. Cecilia" is a modernised version of story of the pure love of a Christian maiden for Valerien, a convert to the new faith; of the persecution they undergo at the hands of the wicked King of Syria and his infamous, yet jocular, councillor, Gaymas; the temptations they resist, fortified by divine grace, and by the occasional presence of St. Michel (a splendid puppet in golden armour and beautiful white wings); and, lastly, their martyrdom, and the sight of St. Cecilia borne heavenwards by two angels. Childish as it may appear, this puppet-show was witnessed with almost naïve attention by an audience composed of over one hundred and fifty representatives of the most sceptical members of Parisian society—authors, artists, critics, and journalists. Such is the magic power of poetry and music! And yet "St. Cecilia" is not to be compared to the previous performances of "The Tempest" and "Tobias." It is a little too long, and, at times, the dialogue is somewhat monotonous; but here and there are some charming verses and quaint conceits. The following address of the pagan Gaymas to the statue of Bacchus is a good specimen of M. Bouchor's humour:

"Ce dieu qui vous indigne  
A dans ses beaux cheveux le doux fruit de la vigne;  
Plein de grâce, il médite une folle chanson,  
Et l'on ne sait trop s'il est fille ou garçon.  
Or, chaque année il meurt pour les hommes, sans phrases,  
Ses membres délicats, un rustre les écrase,  
Les foule aux pieds, en fait jaillir le sang divin  
Qui rira dans la coupe; et lorsque, grâce au vin,  
Nous oublions remords, soucis, tristesses vaines,  
C'est le sang de Bacchus qui flambe dans nos veines!"

The musical part of the performance—a partition or score of itself—was very pretty, and reflects great credit on the composer, M. Chausson, a *prix de Rome*. The quartet of female voices and the quatuor of string instruments were heard to advantage from behind the stage. As regards the actors, their elocution, gait, and gestures, though a little stiff, were above criticism, and their dresses were rich and of exquisite taste. The scenery was a masterpiece of scenic art; while M. Lerolle's transformation tableau—the apparition of St. Cecilia after her martyrdom—was visibly inspired from Murillo.

C. NICHOLSON.

## MUSIC.

### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

*English Carols of the Fifteenth Century.* Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. (The Leadenhall Press.)

"THE transitional period in the development of an art cannot be without interest to musicians." It would, indeed, hardly be possible to conceive of a period of greater interest; for then opportunity is given for examination and experiment, and one can indulge in great expectations which may or may not be realised. We are now actually living in such a period. What will become of the classical forms? and what will be the new art forms? are questions which are constantly being asked, and will be asked until some new genius comes and answers them in deeds and not in words.

The series of Carols in the volume before us show the science of counterpoint in an early and rudimentary condition, before the influence of the "organum" had died out. Their special value does not consist in their beauty or excellence, but in that they are the only existing specimens of English music of the period; and, moreover, they are supposed to be the work of one composer, probably of no less a man than John Dunstable, known as the father of counterpoint. The Carols are from a MS. roll in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. On the other side is an ecclesiastical treatise in monkish Latin. No. 7 is the famous "Agin-court Song," supposed to have been composed about 1417, which tells how

"Our kyng went forth to normundy  
Wyth grace and myth of chyualry  
ther god for hym wrouth meruelowly  
Qwerfore ynglond may cal and cry  
Deo gracias anglia  
redde pro victoria."

It may be stated that there is a three-part composition of Dunstable's in the British Museum; and in the Bodleian at Oxford there is an old document "De manu Dūstapli," dated "Anno Gratiae 1438 die mensis Aprilis."

In the present volume the Carols are written in modern notation, and parts have been discreetly added by Mr. W. S. Rockstro, an authority in these matters, in accordance with certain laws which he deduced from the compositions themselves. These laws have been drawn up in the Introduction, and form, as it were, a system of counterpoint as practised in the fifteenth century. That it is a comparatively free one may be gathered from the fact that "consecutive octaves occur occasionally," and that "consecutive fifths are common." It may be asked why Mr. Rockstro added parts at all; and we are told that it was done "to make the harmonic progression intelligible, and to render it possible to sing the compositions with more or less good effect." The additions are skilfully made, although in the Triphonia the added part giving the third of the chord destroys the old quaint effect of unison, fifth, and octave. The added parts are carefully noted, so that the Carols, if desired, can be sung in their original form.

An appendix contains the Bodleian version of the "Agin-court Song," the music being translated into modern notation; and at the commencement of the volume a facsimile of the same Song is given. The book is admirably printed, and is certainly one of very great interest.  
J. S. SHEDLOCK.

### MUSIC NOTES.

Mlle. SZUMOWSKA was pianist at the last Monday Popular Concert. She played three Chopin solos—the modern pianist's substitute for a Sonata. The Nocturne was given in a spasmodic manner, and the Mazurka was

hurried; some portions of the C sharp minor Scherzo were well rendered, but still there was not the proper grip of the music. Mlle. Szumowska is young and talented, but not yet a great pianist. The programme included Handel's Sonata in D for violin, interpreted by Mme. Neruda with her usual vigour and brilliancy, Haydn's Quartet in E flat (Op. 71, No. 3), and Beethoven's Sonata in A for piano-forte and cello. Mr. O'Mara, who has a pleasing voice, was the vocalist.

MR. RICHARD GOMPERTZ gave the first of two chamber concerts at the Princes' Hall on Wednesday evening. The programme commenced with Beethoven's great Quartet in B flat (Op. 130); and although some of the last Quartets bear a still higher opus number, this one contains the last movement which the composer ever wrote. Any attempt to make better known these last and marvellous works of Beethoven deserves encouragement; but surely if the ordinary chamber works heard at the Popular Concerts call for analysis, these last Quartets require it still more: they are not incomprehensible, but still they are difficult to follow. A request, too, to the public not to applaud between the various sections would be a decided advantage. The performance by Messrs. Gompertz, Inwards, Kreuz, and Ould was in many respects good, although at times the players caught little more of the composer's music than the letter. The Presto was taken at too rapid a rate to display distinctly all the delicate workmanship, and the Andante was decidedly hurried. Mr. Gompertz gave a vigorous rendering of a Tartini Sonata. Miss Fillunger sang Schubert's "Die Junge Nonne" with much dramatic power. She also sang two songs, "A Spinning Song" and "Let Me Sleep," by Mme. L. Heriote-Viardot, accompanied by the composer. The first is clever and characteristic, but the second is pretentious and tedious.

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### THEATRES.

#### ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 8, THE TRUMPET CALL. Mr. Leonard Boyne, Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, L. Rignold, Dalton, Roberts, East, Russell, Leigh, Keith, Drew, J. and W. Northcote, &c.; Mrs. P. Campbell, Miss E. Dane, Mrs. Leigh, and Miss Clara Jacks.

#### COMEDY THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 9, THE GREY MARE. Mr. Charles H. Hawtrej, Messrs. Eric Lewis, James Nelson, William Wyce, E. Cosham, Gerald Gurney, W. F. Hawtrej, and Chas. Brookfield; Misses Annie Irish, A. Durollas, Violet Amburster, and Lottie Vonne. At 8.20, A BREEZY MORNING.

#### COURT THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 8.45, A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL, preceded by, at 8, A HIGHLAND LEGACY, and at 8.45, A COMMISSION. Misses D. Moore, Dawes, Noel, McNaught, Palfrey, Addison, and Norreys; Messrs. Brandon Thomas, Little, Branscombe, Vaughan, Lucy, Compton Coutts, W. Draycott, and W. Grossmith.

#### CRITERION THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 9, BRIGHTON. Mr. Charles Wyndham. Messrs. W. Blakesley, F. Atherley, S. Valentine, W. Everard, C. Crofton, S. Hewson, W. Shirley, A. May; Mesdames M. Ansell, F. Frances, C. Ewell, L. Webster, S. Carlisle, N. Gregory, and Mary Moore. Preceded, at 8.15, by HEADS OR TAILS.

#### GAIETY THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 8.30, CINDER-ELLEN UP TOO LATE. At 8, THAT LADY IN PINK. Mesdames Kate James, Grey, Lethbridge, Jones, Hobson, Massey, Hamer, Henderson, Boyd, Norton, Price, Wilnot, Monckton, Greenville, &c.; Messrs. E. J. Lounen, Charles Danby, and Fred Leslie.

#### GLOBE THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 9, GLORIANA. Messrs. J. G. Taylor, Forbes Dawson, T. W. Percyval, A. H. Brooke, J. Cavenham, J. Willes, and W. Lestocq; Misses Florence West, Georgie Edmond, and Lydia Cowell. At 8, THROUGH THE FIRE.

### THEATRES—continued.

#### NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 8, EAST LYNNE. Messrs. Fuller, Melish, Frank M. Wood, Harcourt Beatty, Henry de Soila, Arthur Estcourt, J. C. Chute, and Basseti Ros; Mesdames Bertie Willis, W. Brunton, Margaret Watson, Winnie Wood, Elsie Lanham, Ethel Patrick, and Miss Leslie Bell.

#### PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT-BASING. THIS EVENING, at 8.15, THE SWISS EXPRESS. Les Rendas, Messrs. T. P. Hayes, H. Bedford, H. Duns, Herbert-Basing, Mrs. Clifton and Miss Phillis Broughton. At 7.30, HIS LAST CHANCE. Miss Ella Terriss, and Mr. Basing.

#### ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 8.30 punctually, FORGIVENESS. Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Nutcombe Gould, Mr. E. W. Gardiner, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. H. H. Vincent, Mr. H. de Lange, and Mr. Fred Everill; Miss Dolores Drummond, Miss Fanny Coleman, Miss Laura Graves, and Miss Marion Terry.

#### SAVOY THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, R. D'OLY CARTE. THIS EVENING, at 8.50, THE VICAR OF BRAY. Messrs. R. Barrington, W. H. Denny, Richard Green, and Courtice Pounds; Mesdames L. Snyder, Mary Duggan, Louise Rowe, Annie Cole, Cora Tinnie, and R. Brandram. At 8, CAPTAIN BILLY.

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